

KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

....BY MAJOR ALLAN....

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"Pardon me," said Don—and now he was so thoroughly in earnest it never occurred to him the accusation might justly have been brought against him not so very long ago—"I love Lillie too much to have dreamed of taking her from luxuries to which she is accustomed. She loves me, and I repeat my right to claim her."

He tossed away the stump of his cigar and turned to look at his companion with haughty defiance—that proud air of majesty which had put fear and trembling into the heart of many a raw recruit.

But Captain Derwent was no raw recruit, but a very veteran in affairs of love and war, and he could afford to meet Don's calm nonchalance with an equally calm smile.

"My dear chap, I'm extremely sorry; but the child is under age just yet, and as I happen to have mapped out a more brilliant career for her, I'm afraid I must emphatically veto that claim of yours."

"A more brilliant career?" repeated Don, with young indignation. "Even if you are callous to my feelings, Captain Derwent, have you no care for Lillie's happiness? For I tell you she loves me," attested the lover proudly.

"And, as frequently occurs, it's a lady's privilege to change her mind," rejoined Lillie's father, smiling. "As, for example, my little Lillie's short-lived affair with your Cousin Roddy, not so many years since."

"It is sufficiently long since to have completely changed the Lillie of those days to the Lillie of to-day," said Don, who, however skeptical himself of that faith whose belief had so transformed the thoughtless Lillie of the past, was sincere enough to acknowledge its charm in her.

"She loves me as she never loved Roddy," affirmed Don, in his imperious way; "and," he added, meeting Captain Derwent's eyes with a look that was like the flashing of crossed swords, "I mean to win her."

"Don't be too sure, my friend," said the Captain, laughing. "I give you the hint, you'll have Prince Clement Sing to reckon with as well as myself."

Don stopped and wheeled round upon his companion, fierce words bursting through his set teeth, an oath all the more vehement because Don's lips were not given to the utterance of them.

"What do you mean, sir? he demanded.

"That you are by no means the only fellow who has set his heart on possessing the white Lily," said Captain Derwent, uttering the pet name with airy familiarity.

But Don was in no humor for joking. "I think," he said, in a proud scorn. "It is somewhat unfair to bracket me with Prince Clement Sing. I am in deadly earnest about my desire to marry your daughter."

"And so it is, my good fellow—so much in earnest, in fact, that he has my permission to pay his addresses to her—may be doing so this very minute, indeed," broke off Captain Derwent lightly.

For an instant Don glared at the speaker in speechless amazement.

"You cannot mean it!" was the hoarse exclamation which at last came from his white lips.

"And wherefore?" queried the other, with aggravating coolness. "Though an Indian, he is by no means a pariah. Truth is, he has Irish blue blood in him, and could hold his own with the best of us as far as classics go. Moreover he is as rich as Croesus, has immense influence at Court; he worships the very ground she treads on, and would make her a princess."

Again Don stopped short in his walk, and now his face showed pale as death. "I would kill him and you too before that should ever happen!" he cried.

CHAPTER IV.

Strange to say, it was almost at that self-same moment Lillie Derwent at Rawal Pindi, was listening to Prince Clement Sing's suit. The afternoon steers, so general and necessary an indulgence throughout India, was over, and some hour and a half later Lillie was returning from a ride, attended by her native groom, when she was joined at the gate of the compound by the Prince, who was also on horseback, and escorted by two native troopers.

The fierce heats and moist seasons of India had not as yet robbed Lillie's cheeks of their English roses, and she was looking particularly fair in her plain brown holland habit, beautifully cut and braided with white, pleasantly suggestive of comfort and coolness.

Her hat was a large white straw, with a long, white ostrich feather, which suited to perfection her clear-cut profile and the thick coils of her fair hair. Her light riding gauntlets were of white seerskin, and the Prince's admiration of the hand so covered was only too evident by the pressure he bestowed upon it.

He himself wore white andres uniforn and a sun hat, so like a mushroom that it would have been trying to the extreme to an ordinary weaver, but seemed to set off his dark, good-looking features with an air of distinction.

Indeed, Prince Clement Sing was an

acquaintance to society, both in personal appearance and high intellectual standing; and Lillie would gladly have welcomed the diversion of his company but that she was consumed by the fear that his visit portended to matters concerning herself.

And she was not long in discovering such to be the case.

"You did not honor the course, today, Miss Derwent. I looked for you in vain," he said.

"No. I was in a mood for a solitary ride," she answered.

"I trust that does not mean my presence is inopportune, dear lady?" She smiled, blushing slightly.

"By no means, Prince, for now my ride is over," was her polite reply.

"Then I may venture to invite myself indoors, I hope," he queried.

"I am not quite sure if you will find Mrs. Franklin at home," she began. But Prince Clement Sing looked straight at her, with a glance from his black eyes that brought the color flooding to her face.

"Your presence is all-sufficient," he said, bowing low, as he swerved his horse aside to allow her to pass through the gate before him.

Arrived at the bungalow, he waved the attendant back and himself assisted her to alight, a condescension which embarrassed her all the more, as the prince took occasion to command that Mrs. Franklin should not be summoned for the next quarter of an hour, as it was with Lillie herself he desired a private interview.

Lillie passed into the drawing room, alarmed at what she instinctively knew was to be the subject of that interview; but fearful to give offense by refusing it.

And when the prince joined her it was apparent he meant to waste no time in going straight to her mission.

He had left his sword and belt in the vestibule and removed his gloves, and now he took his hostess's hand and led her to a seat, with a deferential ceremony.

"Ah, there is the evening gun!" she exclaimed, for the desperate sake of saying something to break the strain.

"In ten minutes more it will be dark."

"Ah, yes; we have no entralling twilight as you have in England, Miss Derwent," he answered softly, and with a tone of regret meant to be covertly flattering to her nationality. "Well, no matter, ten minutes will suffice me to say what—ah, what I would have said to you long before today, but that I feared to be precipitate."

"Then I am sure, prince, it is best left unsaid still," she answered, with great earnestness.

"Surely you do not forbid me to speak?" He regarded her haughtily.

"I should not presume to do that," she hastily rejoined. "I merely entreat—"

"What?" he asked, with cold displeasure, for she had stopped short, flushing.

"I feel sure your highness means to be kind and friendly and flattering; but—"

—but—" Again she hesitated.

Prince Clement Sing looked down, frowning, and a dark flush swept his copper-tinted face.

"But you do not esteem it an honor, I presume, that I should love you?" There was asperity in his voice.

"Too great an honor," she averred.

His frown and flush passed. He bent towards her and took her hand.

"The honor is divided," he said gallantly. "If I give you the crown of a princess, you give me the fairest flower of English maidenhood—a flower that all the jewels in India could not buy."

She tried to withdraw her hand.

"Your highness flatters me too much; but what you ask is impossible," she said, very low.

He rose with an air of impatience. "Impossible, you say, and to me?" She rose also.

"I venture to hope to retain your friendship, prince, as I trust you will not reject mine?"

"Friendship?" he repeated.

He dropped her hand almost roughly and strode to the window.

At last he turned. "This is insufferable!" he said, and now there was passion in his voice. "I have your father's permission to address you, and I demand a hearing!"

"But you have already addressed me, and I have listened," she said, trembling, but outwardly calm. "I am overcome by your highness's condescension, but I could never be your wife. I do not love you. And besides"—she looked down, blushing, at the gold band encircling the third finger of her left hand—"and besides, since my father left Pindi, I have become engaged to Capt. Gordon of the Derby."

The instant her lover's name had left her lips she regretted it.

How might not a baffled suitor like the prince wield his high authority to wreak vengeance on another aspirant to her hand?

But Prince Clement Sing was regarding her with a look more akin to pity than anger in his piercing eyes.

"And you would relinquish the splendor I lay at your feet for Capt. Gordon?" he said, in tones of incredulity.

"Because I love him," she answered bravely, looking up into his face, while a wave of crimson color made her own fair features for the moment even more bewitchingly fair to look upon.

Prince Clement Sing was having hard work with himself to keep his admiration within bounds, and the sight of that blush all but overcame his self-control. But his English education had done much to subdue his naturally fiery spirit, and he knew success lay, not in passion, but perseverance.

"But, Miss Derwent, much as I admire your constancy—and, of course, so long as you consider yourself engaged to Capt. Gordon my lips are practically closed—still, I am driven to remind you love is not everything. Position and rank are something. A lady is privileged to change her mind." He stopped, and she seized the opportunity of speaking.

"I shall never change, Prince Clement. After my God, there is nothing ranks higher with me than love."

He took her hand, smiling a little to hide his chagrin.

"Then my only hope must be that love will yet take pity and yield your heart to my prayers."

"Again I repeat it is impossible; but I thank you for the great compliment you have paid me," she said. "I trust, Prince Clement, you will forgive and forget me."

"No, I cannot promise to forget you," was all his reply. He stood for an instant then, looking half away, half mortified, almost as if uncertain if he should part with her in this seeming friendliness or in open rupture.

The former course evidently prevailed, for he bent over the hand he held, and his thick, black moustache brushed his snowy whiteness.

"If I can ever be of service to you, you may rely on me," he said. And bowing low again in response to Lillie's farewell, he passed from the room with steady steps and head erect. But hidden deep down in his breast was the gathering fury of a maelstrom.

Within the drawing room, Lillie went to the window overlooking the terrace, and, screened by the bamboo and silk curtains, watched him mount and ride away.

Her heart was beating wildly, not with exultation at the honor the prince had done her, and which, not so many years ago, would have filled her coquettish vanity with delight;—no; but with strange feelings of unrest, with regret, and with presentiment of evil.

She fell on her knees in the gathering darkness, and a great yearning came over her for the fair English home of her youth, and her father and Don by her side in its beloved sanctity. And, all unconsciously, whilst she prayed for their speedy return, hot tears welled up into her eyes and fell on her clasped hands. Alas! for she knew not how great was yet to be her need of those prayers and tears!

(To be continued.)

ONLY A YELLOW DOG.

Faithful Canine Friend Whose Death Caused Sorrow.

"I lost a faithful friend and helper a few days ago," said a letter carrier, whose route lies below Canal street, to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "He was a yellow dog, and I must confess his appearance was not exactly—er—prepossessing. His hide was the color of cheap soap, and he had the disreputable, skulking, trampish bearing peculiar to yellow dogs generally, but for all that he was a gentleman at heart. We met in the way of business. His owner was what letter carriers call a 'throw-out'; in other words, he lived two extra long squares from his nearest neighbor and to deliver the mail he received every day involved a four square walk for each batch. Four squares means a good deal to a tired carrier, and as a rule 'throw-outs' are anything but popular with the craft; but soon after I took the route the yellow dog got to know my whistle, and would come rushing to the corner to get the mail. He kept that up steadily, rain or shine, for over a year, and never missed a trip. What's more, he showed a pride and interest in the task that were really half human. Sometimes, for instance, he would be a little late and find me on the way to the house when he got out of the yard. Then it was comical to see him come tearing up the street, every hair bristling, and saying as plainly as he could, 'Stop, hold on! I'm here! Don't budge another inch!' On such occasions he would always insist on going back to the corner, which was the only place he recognized officially for the delivery of mail matter. You can judge whether I became attached to him. Often he would be waiting for me, cocking his head to one side and feeling his importance from his yellow stump of a tail to his yellow stump of a nose. If I had nothing for him he showed his dejection and disappointment as plainly as a man, but as soon as he saw me sort a few letters he would give a sharp, joyous bark that sounded enough like a laugh to be the real thing. When his owner met me the other day and told me he was dead I couldn't say a word to save my life. I turned around and walked off, and before I knew it I was blubbering like a fool."

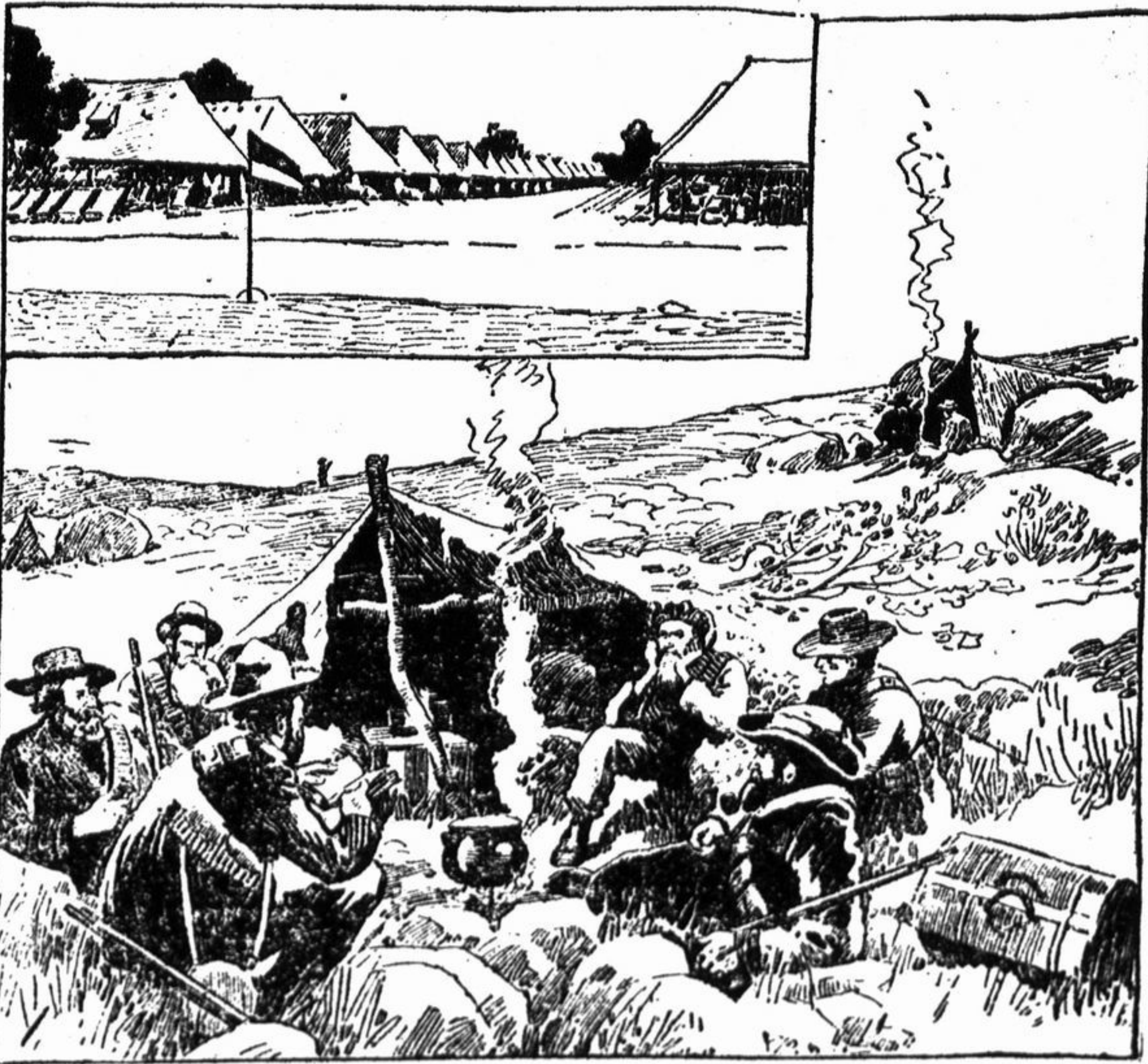
(To be continued.)

Route of Lost Treasure.

It is computed that there is \$1,000,000,000 worth of gold and jewels at the bottom of the sea on the route between England and India.

A double-faced man can see in only one direction.

DIFFERENCE IN BOER AND BRITISH CAMP



The way in which the primitive Boer lives at the front is very different from the way in which the luxurious British are installed. The latter are encamped in well-made canvas tents, and, as is well known, are looked after as to the commissariat department by the most competent officers in the world. Field Marshal Roberts has always made it a point that Tommy Atkins should be

well taken care of and well fed. The South African campaign has been no exception to this rule. The manner in which the fighting Boer, on the other hand, ekes out an existence is entirely different, and the accompanying picture will perhaps show more clearly than words just where this difference is. The Boer scene shows a number

of Oom Paul's people bivouacking for the night on the veldt. These devout warriors are engaged in their evening service of psalm singing and Bible reading. The meagerness of their camp supplies and the humbleness of their quarters are in strange contrast to the well-ordered and spick and span camp of the English shown in the smaller picture.—Inter Ocean.

COLLEGE FACULTIES.

There Are Always Weak Men—Why They Hold Their Places.

There will always be weak men in every faculty, says the Atlantic. Some come by inheritance—they were endowed with the chair in those early days when the grantor thought he knew far better than the grantee what ought to be done with the grant. Some have simply outlived their usefulness, and as there are no means for pensioning, they are maintained through a pity for themselves which very unwisely overshadows the pity which ought to go out to those in their classes. Some are so influential in their church, or in some one of the great fraternal organizations, or in politics, or are so beloved by alumni who graduated many years ago, and who do not understand either the nature or the demand of the new education, that to disturb them would in all probability cause the institution more loss than to permit the employment of better men. Some are there for denominational reasons, in the privately endowed or "church" institutions; or for political reasons, in

"state" schools—though thirty years' administrative experience and observation prove that both these influences are exceedingly exaggerated in the popular mind. But far more are there simply because there are not yet enough strong men to go around.

Winged Disk.

In a total eclipse of the sun, the dark body of the moon shuts out from the earth direct sunlight. Then, literally, the sun is "turned into darkness." When the darkness is deepest, a remarkable fringe of glittering rays, which we call the "corona," encircles the sun's disk. A large number of photographs have been taken of the corona, and many of them show four horizontal rays on each side of the sun. These have the appearance of wings. The oriental, with his constant observation of the heavenly bodies, saw this wonderful sight, and it has been reproduced in the winged disks of Babylon and Egypt. These symbols of the sun-god took their origin from the observation of natural phenomena, and the Hebrew people were perfectly acquainted with them.

COULDN'T POOL HIM.

Dog Was Bound to Have the Meat He Paid For.

A butcher in Manchester, N. H., tried to fool a dog which was in the habit of coming to his stand daily for meat, and bore the name of "Horace Greeley." One day Horace went to the butcher stand, on which, as usual, he placed his ten-cent stamp. The butcher put the stamp in his drawer, and paid no attention to the dog, thinking it was a good joke on the animal. Horace didn't understand why his goods were not given to him, but waited patiently, keeping a sharp eye on the young man all the while and following his every movement. After a few minutes spent in this way he began to comprehend and decided to play a little joke in return. So he coolly walked up to the bench, seized a quarter of lamb and walked away, with indignation and triumph depicted in every wag of his tail.

There lurks in the mind of man a longing for something beyond the present.—Humboldt.



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