

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 marveled 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 indited telegrams, arranged for Don's removal to the little steamer for the Isle of Wight, and gave orders ament their 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," she said.

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 they 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 shining 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, gasping 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! potroon! 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 spy 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 spy, 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 soothe 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 hidden him 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.

Ab! 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 converses 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 farther were just visible the two square towers 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

home, he uttered a cry of joy and said: "My queen is here," he murmured.

Yes, like the Israelites of old, three 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 Stevenson family 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 Gaudin 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 carings 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.

with Lake City, and Captain Frank, of Chicago, June 25, July 9 and 17, and August 1st, via GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE. Rate of one regular fare, plus 25, for round trip. Return limit October 31st, 1906. Special trains one night to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, will leave Chicago at 6:45 p. m. Tickets will also be good on regular trains. For full information and free book, "COLORADO THE MAGNIFICENT," address John Sebastian, G. F. A., Chicago.

Sans Souci park, Chicago's favorite open air amusement place, has entered on its second summer season, which promises to be one of the most successful in the history of amusement enterprises in the West. Sans Souci would the playdits of many thousands last year, but many improvements have been made and the sight presented to visitors is one of marked beauty and grandeur. The bill of attractions offered is one of the most varied and extensive ever seen in one amusement place. As a rule many of the attractions are innovations in the amusement line, but owing to their superior character they have met with enthusiastic approval.

To those contemplating a trip to Paris this summer we heartily recommend a careful perusal of "Paris as It Is," by Katherine De Forest (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York). The book is in effect a sort of extension of the guide books, giving an account of the people, home-life and places of interest; the museums, art galleries, shops, fashions, political life, etc. Just the information indispensable to a full enjoyment and understanding of the French capital.

Charles K. Field and W. H. Irwin have compiled an attractive volume of admirable pictures of college life at Stanford University, the well-known California institution. The stories are full of a fresh, unspiced energy and buoyant tenor and cannot fail of effect, as they fill what has hitherto been an empty space in the series of college fiction which of late has become so popular. Mr. Field is a nephew of the late Eugene Field.

The average man would rather have four teeth fixed than go with a woman when she starts out to buy an Oriental rug.

As a labor saver Maple City Self Washing Soap has no equal, and it does not injure the clothes. Ask your dealer for it and try it according to directions. All good grocers sell it.

It is well to make a good beginning—and it is also well to remember that the end is what determines everything.

Table etiquette was invented so people couldn't be comfortable enough to eat too much.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Everyone Can't Go to Paris.

Those that can go, will, it is hoped, travel via the "Northwestern Line," but to those who can not go we commend some of the many American resorts, reached via the "Northwestern Line."

Hot Springs, South Dakota.

To the invalid, the tired person and to the general public, this resort offers attractions not found elsewhere, and the trip is not long, and is interesting. Take a train of the FIRMONT, ELKHORN & MISSOURI VALLEY R. R. at almost any prominent Nebraska town and your route will then be through the northern part of Nebraska, known as the "Blackhorn Valley." Every Nebraska will tell you that the "Blackhorn Valley" is the best remaining portion of the state, year after year; then you pass through the grazing portion of Nebraska, where cattle, sheep and goats are fed in small and large herds. You cannot visit Hot Springs without visiting the

Black Hills because the Hot Springs are in the Black Hills—southern portion—in a valley sheltered by surrounding hills or mountains. You will be surprised to find the delightful climate, the warm natural water bath, the artificial heating necessary—scenery beautiful, imposing; hotels, all kinds, from the Evans, large, modern and fashionable to the cozy cottage or private boarding house.

Within 100 miles of Hot Springs, in the upper portion of the Black Hills, is Deadwood, Lead City and the rich gold mining camps, attracting so much attention just now. Look up the winding and output of the celebrated "Bismuth" operating daily with several years' supply of ore in sight.

April Lake, Okla.,

Queer names, but nice places, situated in northern Iowa, and reached by the "Northwestern Line," a favorable resort for hunting and fishing. The "Lake Region of Minnesota."

No one can tell you how many lakes there are in Minnesota, but we would like to say that there are a great many along the line of the "Northwestern Line" and that you can get all kinds, fish, etc., abundant in this region.

We have pamphlets telling more about these places than we can give you in any address upon request. Write us before deciding what to do and we will give you the information. We have some cheap excursion rates to these resorts that we will tell you about.

J. B. MORGAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent R. R. & M. V. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

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It takes the place of coffee at 1/4 the cost.

Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

It is economical and economical.

Write for Catalogue and price your grocer needs.

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Build that your grocer needs the GRAIN-O.

Fifty-Eight Other Languages.

Senator Beveridge said the other day: "Though it is true that I have been making a life study of the Malay languages, I have as yet mastered but one, and there are some fifty-eight others yet to master."

Winks—Your little wife is a veritable ray of sunshine.

Minks—Indeed she is. She believes everything I tell her.

Line's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 35 and 50c.

Somehow or other there is just as much kissing going on as there was before there was any germ theory.

Good Housekeeper.

Use Maple City Self Washing Soap because it gives the best results. All grocers.

Everything is on the move; even the trees are leaving for the summer.



This remarkable medicine, by removing disease germs from the blood, has an action that affects the entire system. It tones up the stomach and creates an appetite; works on the liver and has a mild, continuous effect upon the bowels, thus cleaning out the entire system. It makes new, rich blood, regulates the heart and kidneys and rids the body of all waste matter. It also induces a gentle perspiration, thus preventing fever and congestion. Rheumatism, toothache and headache, biliousness and all nervous diseases are rapidly cured as well as disease peculiar to women.

TWO WEEKS TREATMENT FREE!

No one need trouble themselves to doubt whether this remedy will do all these things, as you can have a free trial package first and see what it does for you. Do not neglect to get in your application at once. The best way is to fill down this address, write a letter to M. E. Zappa & Co., Box No. 311, Shattuck, Wis., and say that you want a trial package of Swedish Balm of Life. This will be sent you by mail and is large enough to convince you of the worth of this celebrated household remedy. A 4-cent stamp should be enclosed in your letter to pay the postage on this free sample. Write for it today.

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BATTLE OF MANILA

March 25, 1898. A wonderful remembrance of the greatest battle victory in history. Every citizen from every city should have a copy of this book. It is a wonderful story of the battle of Manila, the greatest battle of the war. It is a wonderful story of the battle of Manila, the greatest battle of the war. It is a wonderful story of the battle of Manila, the greatest battle of the war.

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CLARA KERR, Secretary.

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I write you some time ago describing my symptoms and asking your advice, which you very kindly gave. I am now healthy and can begin to praise your remedy again. I would say to all suffering women, 'Take Mrs. Pinkham's advice, for a woman best understands a woman's sufferings, and Mrs. Pinkham, from her vast experience in treating female ailments give you advice that you can get from no other source.'—Clara Kerr, Rockport, Ind., April 12, 1899.

Rheumatism 30 Years.

FRANKLIN, OGDON, Dec. 12, 1899.

It affords me pleasure to certify to the fact that the package of Zappa's Swedish Balm I received from you last October cured me of a most aggravating case of rheumatism of 30 years' standing. Only such as have suffered as I, can realize how grateful I feel toward you and why I leave no opportunity to go by to induce others to give this wonderful remedy a trial. Enclosed find one dollar for three large packages.

REV. A. KERR.

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This remarkable medicine, by removing disease germs from the blood, has an action that affects the entire system. It tones up the stomach and creates an appetite; works on the liver and has a mild, continuous effect upon the bowels, thus cleaning out the entire system. It makes new, rich blood, regulates the heart and kidneys and rids the body of all waste matter. It also induces a gentle perspiration, thus preventing fever and congestion. Rheumatism, toothache and headache, biliousness and all nervous diseases are rapidly cured as well as disease peculiar to women.

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Niagara Falls

Strong bridge work runs right up under the Falls—down can see the rapids from the bridge and walk on the edge of our city—after enjoying the rapids and view you can see the falls. At last! we can see the rapids and walk on the edge of our city—after enjoying the rapids and view you can see the falls. At last! we can see the rapids and walk on the edge of our city—after enjoying the rapids and view you can see the falls.

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are among the most important points reached. Summer edition of "Book of Trails" showing specimen train will be of interest in connection with your trip. Send for an application to F. M. BROWN, G. W. A., 124 Park Street, Chicago.

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