KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

....BY MAVOR 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 Reddy 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, [illegible]

[illegible]

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 siesta, 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 deerskin, 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 undress uniform and a sun hat, so like a mushroom that it would have been trying in the extreme to an ordinary wearer, but seemed to set off his dark, good-looking features with an air of distinction.

Indeed, Prince Clement Sing was an acquisition 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 to-day, 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' 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."

[illegible]

"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 its 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 [illegible]

[illegible]

To Keep Glasses On.

[illegible]

Parallel Cases.

Mrs. Grumpps: There are thousands of occupations in which men have places which women should fill. Why shouldn't women be druggists? Answer me that, Mr. Grumpps. This cottage pudding isn't good at all. How [illegible] Mr. Grumpps [illegible]

Home of Lost Treasure.

[illegible]

Guild of Glove Handshakers.

[illegible]

BRITISH WAR OFFICE

HAS LATELY BEEN UNDERGOING A TEMPEST.

Fight Between Lansdowne and Wolseley Like That of Alger and Miles in This Country—Former Governor General of Canada Accuses Commander-in-Chief.

(Special Letter.)

As the result of British unsuccesses in South Africa in the war with the Boers much criticism is being directed against the British war office and considerable friction has arisen between the secretary of war, Lord Lansdowne, and the commander-in-chief of the army, Lord Wolseley. The followers of each accuse each other of being responsible for England's unpreparedness when the crucial time arrived, and it is probable that as the outcome of the agitation one or the other will have to retire. Parliament will inquire into the matter and interesting developments are expected.

Lord Lansdowne comes from one of the oldest and haughtiest families in the kingdom, dating to the twelfth century. He succeeded his father the fourth marquis, when he was only 21, and became lord of the treasury three years later. He has been in office almost steadily for the last 30 years, his highest post previous to that he holds now having been that of governor general of India from 1888 to 1893. Previous to that he was governor general of Canada. Lord Lansdowne was a liberal until Mr. Gladstone's home rule bill sent him over to the other side. His reward was the appointment by Lord Salisbury to be governor general

LORD LANSDOWNE.

[illegible]

DEPORTED IMMIGRANTS.

No People in the World Have a Sadder Life Than They.

[illegible]

brutes. They have hearts in good working order concealed about their persons. They don't like the work, but they are carrying out the law, and, incidentally, posing as angels with flaming swords. They are deporting immigrants excluded from American residence as dangerous to the welfare and prosperity of the country. These people have been rejected by the examining board at the Barge office and sad indeed is their state. Many of them before leaving home sold everything they owned, converted it all into money for the passage. No homes are waiting for them. Their money is gone. Their hopes are dead. They are shut out from the new life of which they dreamed, and cannot even take up the old life where they left off with it.

FACTS ABOUT BANANAS.

Why the Red Banana Has Disappeared from Other Places of the Trade.

Red bananas are so scarce nowadays as to be practically a rarity, the prevailing banana is yellow. Twenty years and more ago the red was the prevailing banana and the yellow the rare one. The yellow banana requires less care and time in the cultivation, and so costs less in that stage. It sticks to the stem better than the red banana, and so stands handling better. There are one third more yellow bananas to the bunch than red. With all these marked advantages in its favor the yellow banana has practically driven the red banana out. With yellow bananas at $1 or $1.50 a bunch, red would be worth from $6 to $11, and there would be fewer in a bunch. Red bananas sell nowadays in the fruit stores as high as 20 cents each. The

[illegible]

The Automatic Bath Tub.

It is told of a certain lazy man of these parts that, in order to save himself any inconvenience when he had [illegible]

The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of [illegible]

HE LIKES WESTERN CANADA.

Duhamel, Jan. 24, 1900.

Dear Sir and Friend—We had a lucky trip, made good connections and got to Wetaskiwin Monday afternoon; stayed there all night, bought a pony and saddle for the boy and hired a three-seated rig for the balance of us, and got home to dinner next day; caught the boys cleaning up and getting ready to come after us. Wednesday the snow was all gone and we had bare ground and bright sunshine for a month, and it has been pleasant weather ever since. The ground is frozen about two feet and about six inches of snow, just enough for good sleighing. We had one cold spell in December. The thermometer went down to 32 below zero, but we did not suffer with the cold at all. We have worked every day all winter, are all well and feeling well, have built a log house 18x18, two log stables 16x18 and are now busy on a well. We have 10 cows, three other cattle and six head of horses. The boys send their best respects to Mr. Huchison and say they will talk to him enough to pay for not writing when he gets up here; will write you again next spring and tell you all about the winter. We all unite in sending you and family our best wishes and respects and hope this will find you all well.

Yours very respectfully,
(Signed) THOMAS TATE.
Duhamel, Alberta, Canada.

P. S.—It has not been down to zero this month. It is 22 above now.

A "Galloping Hospital."

A doctor with cavalry experience has invented a patent galloping hospital drawn by two horses, and capable of accommodating six wounded

"Oh! How Happy I Am."

HOW HAPPY I AM to be able to say that I am free from pain after five years of severe suffering from nervousness," writes Mrs. Archie Young, 1817 [illegible] West Superior, Wis. "I [illegible]

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

[illegible] F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. [illegible] Family Pills are the best.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

[illegible]

Spring Humors of the Blood

Come to a certain percentage of all the people. Probably 75 per cent. of these people are cured every year by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we hope by this advertisement to get the other 25 per cent. to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has made more people well, effected more wonderful cures than any other medicine in the world. Its strength as a blood purifier is demonstrated by its marvelous cures of

Scrofula	Salt Rheum
Scald Head	Boils, Pimples
All kinds of Humor	Psoriasis
Blood Poisoning	Rheumatism
Catarrh	Malaria, Etc.

All of which are prevalent at this season. You need Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you wonderful good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

$25,000

FOR

Guessing New Census

The Weekly Enquirer is anxious to engage all the subscribers in a study of their own country. To this end it has placed in the safe of the Cincinnati Enquirer Company cash amounting to $25,000. It will [illegible] for solutions received of the population of the United States to be verified by the Director of the United States Census, give as follows:

To the Nearest Correct Guess received	$3,000.00
To the Second	1,500.00
To the Third	750.00
To the Fourth	500.00
To the Fifth	250.00
To the Sixth	200.00
To the Seventh	150.00
To the next 10, each $100, amounting to	1,000.00
To the next 50, each $50, amounting to	2,500.00
To the next 100, each $25, amounting to	2,500.00
To the next 500, each $10, amounting to	5,000.00
To the next 1,530, each $5, amounting to	7,650.00
Total [illegible] amounting to	$25,000.00

[illegible]

ENQUIRER COMPANY, CINCINNATI, O.

OUR POST.

TURNS TO STONE

THE DURABLE CEMENT POST

[illegible]

DURABLE CEMENT POST CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

A KNOCK OUT

[illegible]

LUMBAGO

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St. Jacobs Oil

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LAME BACK

SALZER'S 3 EARED CORN

[illegible]

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