KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

....BY MAVOR ALLAN....

CHAPTER V.

The fair Isle of Wight was looking at its fairest on a glorious evening at the end of April, when the mail packet from Portsmouth steamed across the Solent towards Ryde Pier.

The green verdure of budding summer lay thickly on the far-stretching landscape and the tall trees dotted through the island town, rising picturesquely upward from the sea, and capped by the lofty spire of the parish church.

The long promenade pier was [illegible] with holiday makers, and eastward the esplanade was bright with [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Home! What a [illegible] lay in that simple word! And as the young soldier led his happy little [illegible] the threshold his heart welled with gratitude to the God who had shielded him through perils of peril and battle bloodshed in far India to bring him to this haven of peace and perfect love at last.

And presently [illegible] they lingered over dinner, reluctant to bring to an end that first delicious repast shared in their Eden together, they spoke of Don, over whose welfare they yearned with all the tender sympathy born of their own happiness and large-hearted love.

Roddy had brought round his dessert plate and sat down by Diana's side, ostensibly to invite her to peel his walnuts, a task of which Roddy himself had no aptitude, but another diversion occurred by the arrival of the post, the last mail for the night.

One letter was from Don, which had been posted to Gadie Hi' and now forwarded by Roddy's father. And as Roddy tore it open and scanned its contents an exclamation of pleasure passed his lips.

"There, little wife, didn't I predict this?" he said triumphantly. And forthwith he read aloud a few hasty lines Don had penned to Roddy on the night of his betrothal to Lillie Derwent, previous to his departure for the camp of the Tirah force.

[illegible]

"You are satisfied now, little woman, that Lillie has met her real 'hero' at last?"

She looked up in his [illegible] eyes with a tender smile, for she knew he was thinking of a time when she believed Lillie to be his own only love, and she answered with contrite sweetness:

"Ah, Roddy, how good God is, if we would only trust Him to shape our lives as He knows best!"

The silence of a deep content fell upon them, and by and by they strolled out to where the great chalk cliffs rose in dazzling whiteness up from the sea into the blue sky, over which the silvery stars of night were coming out one by one, twinkling like tiny globes of fire.

Behind them reared the rugged stretch of undercliff, down the wooded precipice of which the murmuring stream meandered from village to shore, and by whose side ran a series of gigantic steps, a mighty precipice that savored almost of Alpine sublimity.

The lovers, for they were lovers still, stood hand in hand and drank in the beauty of it all with that rapture which only comes when viewing some scene in the presence of one we love.

Even Gadie, lovely Gadie, with its silvery, shining waters was forgotten. They were here together, and it was the paradise of the world.

Yet ever and anon, as they gazed out on the deep ocean, the thoughts of each would turn to Don, and once Diana spoke, with a wistful little break in her voice.

"Surely, Roddy, you will forgive and forget the past now, and Lillie will bring him back to us once more?"

"Ah, surely, for

"My ladye fair can rule my soul,

And every thought and deed control,"

Roddy quoted gaily. Then, with tender passion, he clasped the hand he held still tighter, and spoke more gravely. "What was that line you repeated a moment ago, Di?"

"'The waters swell before a boisterous storm; but leave it all to God.'"

As they slowly made their way along the esplanade homeward, the newspaper boys were calling the evening edition of the London papers, which had just arrived from Ryde by the last mail for the night, and Roddy called an urchin to his side, his cheek paling involuntarily as the lusty shout caught his ear: "Rebel firing into Bara Camp. British officer killed; orderly wounded!"

He hastily opened the sheet and stood still under a gas lamp to scan its columns, whilst Diana, with anxious eyes, looked over his shoulder. For, [illegible] had been on the Indian frontier for some months now, her thoughts were ever quick to fly to Don and Lillie's father, of whom any [illegible] news.

[illegible]

No farewell shots were fired, for the captain's own detachment [illegible] arms, and the pipers awoke the dim valley once more with their pibroch, but it was "The Land o' the Leal" now that they played.

And as Don Gordon turned from that lonely grave, and pictured the image of her who held the dead so dear, for one wild moment he felt he would sooner, far sooner be there, too, than face the anguish of Lillie's pure eyes; while in his heart rang the chaplain's words, like the cry of a lost soul:

"Deliver us not into the pains of eternal death."

CHAPTER VI.

It had been a morning of languorous heat, and now noon, the long breathless Indian noon, was at its meridian, when on a day in May, Don Gordon arrived at Rawal Pindi and rode out under a [illegible] sun to Lillie Derwent's home.

[illegible]

The oleander, with its clusters of pink; the [illegible] with its perfumed bells of gold, the jasmine and acacia, luxuriant in their wild beauty; the blue jays and the crested yellow sparrows, flitting from shrub to shrub; the brilliant butterflies, sailing through the voiceless air; all was unchanged, only the fair Indian home would know its master never more.

Never more! There was something terrible in the conviction, something appalling to Don to remember that death, [illegible] and stern and awful, lay beyond this [illegible] world of budding beauty.

[illegible]

"A great sorrow nobly borne is a great dignity." As Don looked at her he realized, almost with a feeling of awe, that such dignity had fallen upon Lillie now. The dire calamity she had so dreaded had come to pass, yet she had not sunk beneath the blow.

The passion of her grief was spent and resignation had come. Anguish had left its pallor on her cheek, but the hopelessness of despair was not past.

Don looked at her, marveling at her fortitude and calm, then the next instant his arms were closing round her like a vise and straining her to his beating heart, for her calm had given way, and she had flown to the shelter of his embrace with a tender sobbing cry.

"Oh, Don, Don, my all on earth now!" she cried.

He held her tight, and kissed her again and again. It was as if he dreaded the moment might come when he should never hold her thus any more, and he was drinking to the full this embittered cup of bliss. Presently she withdrew herself, for there was something almost fierce in the fervor of his caresses. She sank on a divan, and put out her hand to him to sit by her.

"Tell me," she said faintly, "all about it."

And Don told her, with low voice and averted eyes that story which the press paragraphs, so comprehensive, yet so cruel in their brevity, had already burnt like a searing iron into heart and brain.

It was shortly before the mess-hour. Several successive shots had been heard in the valley, and two had penetrated one of the mess tents and wounded an orderly whilst in the act of laying a table. Captain Derwent and himself were returning from a stroll along the banks of the nullah, when a bullet whizzed between them which struck Captain Derwent, and he dropped instantly at the narrator's feet, shot through the heart.

Every effort was being made to track the perpetrator of the crime and avenge the captain's death, but so far the rebel's had escaped.

"And you yourself were the only [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

She looked up in his face and saw that he spoke truly.

His brow was lined and his cheek pale, his brown eyes had a haggard look she had never seen in them, and, remembering with a great rush of joy, he, too, might have never come back from that wild pass which had made her fatherless, she returned his embrace with all the sweet naivete of a child who clings now to her sole protector.

(To be continued.)

MADE FAMOUS BY WHITTIER.

Macy-Colby House at Amesbury the Oldest in Town.

Among the many places of historic interest in Amesbury made memorable by the writings of the poet Whittier, none is destined to become more notable than the Macy-Colby house, which is to be presented to the Bartlett Cemetery association through the generosity of the present owner, Mrs. [illegible] [illegible]. Built prior to 1654 by Thomas Macy, it is the oldest house in Amesbury. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] revolution at [illegible] in 1811 [illegible] served on the committee of safety and here, beneath the old family roof, many committee meetings were held to plan for the [illegible] of those at home. In 1782 [illegible] Amesbury [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] of the [illegible] Herald.

Didn't Know His Own.

One evening a man entered the station house and asked if we had any lost children. There were three in the back room propped up on as many chairs, and he was sent in to see if one of his was among them. The man walked up and down before them with a perplexed air for some time, then stopping in front of the little one raised its head and asked: "Are you Johnny So-and-So?" The boy was too sleepy to answer, and the caller started to leave, saying that he would send the old woman around to see. "What?" I said, "don't you know your own child?" "To tell the truth," he answered, "I don't. I work on the —— line of street cars, the children ain't up when I go away in the morning, and they're in bed when I get back at night. I never see them." Later his wife appeared and identified one of the children as hers. It wasn't the one the father picked out either.—New York Post.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HOME LIFE THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

The Duties of Parents to Their Children — "A Wise Son Maketh a Glad Father; but a Foolish Son Is the Heaviness of His Mother."

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

In this graphic way Solomon sets forth the idea that the good or evil behavior of children blesses or blights the parental heart. I know there are persons who seem to have no especial interest in the welfare of their children. The father says: "My boy must take the risks I took in life. If he turns out well, all right; if he turns out ill, he will have to bear the consequences. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] That man out there [illegible] [illegible] own way. I have not done [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] struggle. It [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] straight to perdition. But after awhile the lad thinks he ought to have a still larger supply. He has been treated, and he must treat. He must have wine suppers. There are larger and larger expenses.

Result of Lax Discipline.

After awhile one day a messenger from the bank over the way calls in and says to the father of the household of which I am speaking: "The officers of the bank would like to have you step over a minute." The father steps over, and a bank officer says, "Is that your check?" "No," he says, "that is not my check. I never make an 'H' in that way. I never put a curl to the 'Y' in that way. That is not my writing; that is not my signature; that is a counterfeit. Send for the police." "Stop," says the bank officer, "your son wrote that."

Now the father and mother are waiting [illegible]

[illegible]

There is a wonderful depth to these [illegible] and they are [illegible]. They [illegible] [illegible] the world. The Heavenly Gardener sees them, and he takes them in.

But for the most part the children that live sometimes get cross and pick up bad words in the street or are disposed to quarrel with brother or sister and show that they are wicked. You see them in the Sabbath's best clothes. They are so shiny and bright you would think they were always so, but the mother looking over at them remembers what an awful time she had to get them ready. Time passes on. They get considerably older, and the son comes in from the street from a pugilistic encounter bearing on his appearance the marks of defeat, or the daughter practices some little deception in the household. The mother says, "I can't always be [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] but they must be stopped." So in many a household there is the seen of sin, the sign of the truthfulness of what the Bible says when it declares "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies."

Picking at Boys.

[illegible]

Necessity of Early Training.

[illegible]

[illegible] Then with [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Remember it is what you do more than what you say that is going to affect your children. Do you suppose Noah would have got his family to go into the ark if he staid out? No. His sons would have said: "I am not going into the boat. There's something wrong. Father won't go in. If father stays out I'll stay out." An officer may stand in a castle and look off upon an army fighting, but he cannot be much of an officer he cannot excite much enthusiasm on the part of his troops standing in a castle or on hilltop looking off upon a fight. It is a Garibaldi or a Napoleon I. who leaps into the stirrups and dashes ahead. And you stand outside the Christian life and tell your children to go in. They will not go. But you dash on ahead, you enter the kingdom of God, and they themselves will become good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

A Personal Appeal.

Are your children safe? I know it is a stupendous question to ask, but I must ask it. Are all your children safe? A mother when the house was on fire got out the household goods, many articles of beautiful furniture, but forgot to ask until too late, "Are the children safe?" When the elements are melting with fervent heat and God shall burn the world up and the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] to have that memory revived [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the new [illegible] [illegible]. The lost is alive again and the lost is found!

CHILDREN OF ACTORS.

Most Stage Folk Don't Want Their Offspring to Imitate Them.

[illegible] interesting to observe that few [illegible] noted people of the stage have children or relatives on the boards with their permission. Mrs. Kendal [illegible] of a family of actors, but she [illegible] no daughter of hers shall [illegible] the stage with her consent, [illegible] the work is so hard and the [illegible] too great. James A. Herne [illegible] daughters, and two of them [illegible] were seen with their father [illegible] but the situation was different [illegible] inasmuch as they were in his company. Sarah Bernhardt put her son on the stage, but in regard to her granddaughter she has other [illegible]. It is her wish that the girl [illegible] marry some good man and settle down into domestic life, which she [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

HOME FOR HORSES.

[illegible] Asylum for Equines That Have Outlived Their Usefulness.

[illegible] were the [illegible] guests at a recent [illegible] given by a company of English men and women who journeyed from London into the country [illegible] the purpose of entertaining [illegible] dependents. The [illegible] of the banquet was the Home of Rest [illegible] [illegible] place farm, Acton [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] the battle of [illegible] and was afterward [illegible] by Dorothy Hardy, the artist, [illegible] as a model. He has been [illegible] home six years. Then there is [illegible] brown gelding, whose [illegible] woman, provides him with [illegible] and blankets, and has established [illegible] home at Acton in order to [illegible] constant attendance upon him.— [illegible] Dispatch.

Feminine Strategy.

[illegible] Have you noticed that when [illegible] Goldengold goes out for a walk with gentlemen she always invites them to that large oak tree?" B— [illegible] while there she tells them of the great number of centuries the oak has stood and what are her twenty-five (!) years in comparison?"—Fliegende Blätter.

In many parts of Europe it is at the present day considered an omen of ill-luck for a hare to cross the road in front of a traveler.

THE ARKANSAS HOT SPRINGS.

Great Work of the Government in the Interests of the People.

The United States government has thrown the protection of its power about, and draped with the mantle of its approval, the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and it is perhaps due to this exercise of paternalism that these wonderful waters have been preserved for the benefit and blessing of the public. Had the ownership of the property now included in the great National Park and Sanitarium been left to chance it might be at this time be difficult for the ordinary individual to secure the blessings which certainly flow with the waters from these hot springs. The interest taken in the property it had secured to the people for all time has led the government to make valuable and lasting improvements there during the years of its control, and it is now at once a beautiful reservation and a healing place for the sick.

Other interests have been attracted, too, and among them the Iron Mountain Route, which is the familiar name by which the favorite railway is known. It has established a picturesque line through the heart of Arkansas to Malvern, which is the junction for Hot Springs, and has assisted materially in the development of the Springs. The [illegible] of the wonderful Ozark Mountain country has been [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

The government has established a National Army and Navy Hospital, which is the only institution of its kind in the country and the finest, [illegible] and most striking [illegible] in the world. It is located on [illegible] Hot Springs Mountain, overlooking the City and [illegible] Valley. It is well known that the Government has already expended hundreds of thousands of dollars upon its park system, and [illegible] will be required to complete it.

The springs are 72 in number, with a temperature varying from 72 degrees to 157 degrees Fahrenheit, and have in the aggregate a flow of 750,000 gallons daily. They issue from the West side of Hot Springs Mountain from the bed of the creek to a distance up the slope of 250 feet. With one exception they are all now [illegible] in solid masonry, and the water conducted by a system of pipes into reservoirs situated near the base of the Mountain and above the bath houses. The one exception is a spring which has been left open and accessible to the public, which can here obtain a drink of the water direct from the fountain head.

Whatever may be said of the merits of other hot water springs throughout the country, which for the most part are lukewarm merely, they have never received the support and endorsement of the United States Government, which fact must ever be a guarantee of the incomparable superiority of the Hot Springs of Arkansas.

At Hot Springs all seasons of the year are equally good. The best time to go there is when the necessity is made that it is necessary. The climate is [illegible] [illegible] all seasons. [illegible] the summers are cool and for the ailing [illegible]

[illegible]

Neatness in Dress.

[illegible] days when [illegible] in [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that she makes everything secure and tidy before she leaves her room, invariably making a final careful scrutiny of her attire as she stands fully dressed, before her mirror. She who boasts that it never takes her a minute to dress may be fully assured that there will be abundant shortcomings in her raiment to bear witness to the truth of her statement. The bonnet and dress covered with dust collected during yesterday's walk; the veil badly adjusted, hooks that seem to have a mortal antipathy for their corresponding eyes, luckless hairpins hanging like the sword of Damocles, by a single hair, these are some of the sins of omission or commission that tell us she devotes insufficient time to her toilet. Believe us, you may possess the most expensive of gowns, bonnets, boots and gloves, yet if they are improperly cared for and carelessly worn, your neat little neighbor, with her "made-over" dress and her last year's bonnet, will put you to shame in the matter of personal appearance. There is a gentility about her which brings her the most pleasing attentions, and men and women alike pay her homage because she is so neat and trim. She is a firm believer in that last look in the mirror.

How to Seal a Letter.

The art of sealing a letter is one which has not been mastered by many women. Of course, the taper, the stick of sealing wax, and a daintily engraved seal are on one's writing table. But don't begin by thrusting the wax into the flame and then rushing it in a flaming, splattery state to your envelope, but, rather, go about it slowly ("they stumble that run fast"), holding the wax above the flame of the candle and not near enough to burn. A burned wax makes a streaky seal and is hard to manage. When the wax has gradually softened apply it with a circular movement upon the place to be sealed; rub it well around and down until you have a nice little circle (practice tells you just how thick to have it). By this the wax has cooled too much to take a clear impression, so the envelope must be held some little distance from the flame until the wax has again become soft; apply the seal and you will have a clean-cut impression that will be a delight to the eye.

Swift Retribution.

At Cherry Station, Tenn., Jim Gordon, a negro, cut the throat of Mrs. George Collins with a butcher knife and was killed by the woman's husband.