KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

.....BY MAVOR ALLAN.....

CHAPTER I.

Don Gordon came out of the mess-room of the regiment at Rawal Pindi and, vaulting the horse his native servant held in readiness for him, took his way through the balmy Indian spring evening toward the pretty bungalow of Capt. Derwent of the Gordon Highlanders.

Don's pale cheek was flushed, and he carried his slim young figure, in its Kharki uniform, with more of its old majestic swagger than had characterized it for many weeks, for he had been twice in hospital since he had volunteered from home for active service on the frontier with the first battalion of the Sherwood Foresters.

He had only now just recovered from a severe gun-shot wound from an Afridi rifle received whilst leading a score of his [illegible] company on a foraging expedition.

But the exhilaration of hope more than of renewed health was accountable for his springing step and the light in his fine brown eyes.

[illegible]

ess his thoughts had ever turned to her with anything akin to love, and once already he had well merited her rejection of his proposal.

Alas! and alas! for it was love's acutest suffering alone was to prove to Don at last

Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stolen away the slightest good,
Is cause for half the poverty we feel,
And makes world the wilderness it is.

As Don neared his destination he rode forward more slowly, for he was now conscious of a little quickening of his pulse.

In the circle of home society, an already disappointed man would scarcely return to his fair one, like a moth to a candle, after a lapse of months; but circumstanced as he and Lillie were, now cast for the time being together in a foreign land, matters seemed very different.

Capt. Derwent was absent with the field force; Lillie was alone in a strange country, at present sharing her bungalow with the young widow and baby boy of an officer recently killed on the front, and to whom Lillie's heart had gone out in deepest sympathy.

Don was subtly conscious that the Lillie Derwent of to-day was a very different Lillie from the coquette who had toyed in the past with his Cousin Roddy's boyish love, or even the Lillie who had repudiated his own offer of marriage with such scorn. For he realized now that Lillie had come to know the solace of reliance upon that Divine Anchor, whose storm-tossed souls are never shipwrecked.

Don knew himself to be but a rudderless barque, drifting on a shoreless sea; but though faith awoke no responsive echo in his own heart, he admired Lillie none the less for the change which had made her a truer and nobler woman than the thoughtless, somewhat heartless maiden of the past.

The interest she had manifested in his—Don's—convalescence, and his career altogether, lent impetus to the thought that she would not refuse him her hand a second time.

Marriage with Lillie would mean to him affluence equal to the rent rolls of Gadie, and—well, he admired Lillie as much as Don felt it incumbent upon him to admire any one, to the exclusion of the overruling idol of his life, and that was self.

But it was almost with the air of an ardent lover Don drew rein before the spacious white house surrounded by a cool veranda, between whose slender columns green blinds of split bamboo excluded the heat of the sun by day.

"Yes, the memsahib was at home," he was informed by the durwan—doorkeeper—who hurried to his summons.

A gong was banged to announce a visitor, and thereupon another native, red-turbaned and white-caftaned, appeared on the threshold and salaamed Don Gordon through the white vestibule toward a delightful apartment which proved to be untenanted. It was a veritable lady's boudoir, furnished with European [illegible] and Oriental splendor [illegible].

[illegible]

"I fear I made it a point of necessity," he answered bluntly; "but I had a letter from home today, Miss Derwent, and—and the fact is I couldn't sleep till I'd had five minutes' private conversation with you. You won't refuse me it?" he broke off, with a look in his dark eyes [illegible].

[illegible]

It was when tea and coffee were being served Lillie broke the somewhat awkward silence which had fallen upon her visitor and herself by saying sotto voce:

"I think one thing that makes one appreciate Indian life is to have one's comforts attended to as these natives do it. Really, we cannot rely upon such faithful service from our own countrymen."

It was the keynote for Don's waiting eloquence.

"That's rather rough on present company, is it not?" he objected. "You know, or you ought to know, Miss Derwent, I am ready to serve you anywhere in the wide world."

She blushed crimson.

"Oh, but you misconstrue my meaning altogether, Capt. Gordon. I was only talking of hired service, not——" She stopped in some confusion and hurriedly added: "Not friendship," whilst she blushed deeper than ever.

Don put up his right hand with a little gesture of languid beseeching as he poised his tiny cup of coffee in his left palm and leaned back restfully in his softly cushioned chair, for that bright blush which made his hostess look so bewitching, had added much to his composure and confidence.

Yes she was really very pretty, and he was not sure but that he loved her very deeply indeed.

"Don't throw the devotion of your slave back in his face by calling it friendship," he said. "Lillie!" He laid down his cup now, and leaned toward her to get a glimpse of the fair face behind the fan she had opened and was fluttering nervously.

"Lillie, won't you believe me? You hold my happiness in your hands; my life is yours to do what you will with; but I want my wages as much as any one of your natives—I want the gift of this hand and the heart that owns it!"

He had risen now, and, standing over her, had imprisoned the white fingers that held the fan with a masterful air that bespoke all the ardor of a determined lover. Did Lillie's thoughts fly back to another night in the far past, when thus another Gordon had stood over her and claimed the love he believed to be his?

But this was not the same Lillie who had allowed Roddy Gordon to think her heart won to his keeping who looked up now in the eyes of Roddy's kinsman.

Love had taught her its mystic lesson, and she knew now that it was to Don Gordon alone her heart must be surrendered for all time.

CHAPTER II.

[illegible]

(To be Continued.)

[illegible]

[illegible]

in front. They are slightly curved and capable of a considerable amount of expansion. When placed on an irregular surface, which is difficult to traverse, the animal contracts them into a sort of claw, by which a firm hold is secured. When moving rapidly the two portions of the foot, as it is lifting, strike together, the hoofs making a continuous clattering noise, which may be heard at a considerable distance. It is this peculiarity of the feet that makes the reindeer so sure-footed and so valuable in the rocky and uneven country, where almost any other animal would prove a failure as a beast of burden.

Honey an Excellent Food.

Scientific men say that honey is a much more healthful sweet than sugar, and has many valuable properties. It is nutritious, and when used freely with bread makes an excellent food for children. It is laxative and may be used advantageously in place of medicine by persons of sedentary lives. Being also the daintiest and most delicious of sweets—an extract of blossoms—it is hardly possible to eat it to an injurious extent. It needs no digestion, as sugar does, and even acts as a digestive aid.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TALKS OF NEEDS OF THE CHURCHES.

Lessons From Fast—Penitential Season May Be Helpful to All Churches—Importance of an Observance That Leads to Reflection.

Text: Acts ii., 1: "And when the day of pentecost was fully come they were all with one accord in one place." He said:

The blessings of Episcopal Lent from a Presbyterian minister's standpoint is the theme of this sermon. The histories of hermits, ascetics, penances, macerations, sackcloth and ashes, pilgrimages, monasteries, juggernauts, human sacrifices and medicine men prove that days of fasting and supplication have been among the sacred customs of all nations. St. Agnes day, Candlemas day, St. Blaze day, Valentine's day, Hoke day, St. Patrick's day, St. George's day, Shrove Tuesday, Maypole day, Holy Innocents' day, All hallow E'en, St. Urban's day, Royal Oak day, St. Nicholas day, St. Vitus day, SS. [illegible], Margaret, Bridget, Catherine, Andrew, James, Ethelburgh, Elizabeth, [illegible], Simon, Jude days, [illegible]

[illegible]

Visions Fade at Last.

"But at last in Thomas de Quincey's visions the angels of heaven and the sweet incense of the fields and the bright eyes of hope were driven away by the Satanic influences which sent him flying and shrieking through space. He was a maniac shivering in the clutches of despair. The cemeteries were turned into mobs of chattering skeletons. The resurrected spirits of loved ones were stretching forth their protesting arms across the dark chasms of horrors into which he must fall and they could not change the eternity of his woe.

[illegible]

Too Much Light.

"In other words, those verses mean this: In the beginning God ignited for self-murder [illegible] those found along the poisonous highways of opium liquor and moral weakness. The despised worm destroys the monster oak as well as the woodman's ax. The little seed or the frozen stream cracks the solid rock as well as the angry dynamite. The flowing waters of Niagara river dissolve the mountains.

"In the first chapter of Genesis we this planet two suns. The moon is nothing but a burnt-out sun. But after the creation God felt too much light would destroy the human race, so he practically said: 'My children must have a time to sleep. The flowers close their petals in slumber. The trees become torpid in a winter nap to give forth the spring buds. Even the machinery must have a rest or it will soon wear out. The angelus bell without quiet will cease to chime, so, in order to have man and woman sleep, I will show them my will. For ten hours at least I will envelop the earth in total darkness.' Like our grandmothers with a candle snuffer, God reached down and put out the light of that sun which we call the moon. And this is the reason we ought to go to bed with the chickens and answer early to the morning call of the crowing cock.

"In the next place, the text honors the Lenten season because it is a protest against human perfection. If there were any people on earth who by physical contact were fitted for the receiving of the Holy Spirit on account of their natural conditions, they were the little band of 120 Christians, composed of Peter, James, John, Martha, Lazarus, Mary, the mother of Christ, [illegible]

[illegible]

John point [illegible] Over her head [illegible] and, like the [illegible] of a chandelier which [illegible] when one tip is touched, the tongue of fire flamed over every head and they all cried: 'It is the Holy Ghost! It is the Holy Ghost!'

"I love my church, my own church, the dear old Presbyterian church. I was baptized at her altars. As a little child I went to sleep in her pews. As a boy I found my Christ at her mercy seat. As a husband there I brought my bride. As a young minister there I received the holy touch of ordination. When I lay me down to sleep the last sleep at her pulpit I want to have spoken over me the same words which I have said at the same place where I broke the bread of the holy communion. But because a minister loves his wife, that is no reason he cannot reverence his sister. At the holy altar of the Episcopalian chancel I have bowed and wept. I have reverently repeated the prayer: 'From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from every hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver us.'

"And I now plead with you, my Presbyterian people, to answer with me the call of Episcopalian Lent and go to the upper chamber in Jerusalem, where we can be all with one accord in one place.'"

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We are permitted to publish an extract from a private letter written by a gentleman who has recently been devoting his time to the personal investigation of practical farming by irrigation in the west. His vivid portrayal of the advantages of that system will no doubt interest our readers. He says:

"There is a vast, an immeasurable difference between farming in the east and farming in the west. If the farmers of the east could only be made to understand the advantages enjoyed by their western brethren, I verily believe there would soon be no land for settlement in the great irrigation states. The irrigation farmer has absolute certainty of crop, and certainty of its perfect maturity. He never plants that he does not reap, and when I say reap I do not mean the reaping of scattered [illegible] half matured grain [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A [illegible] of hope [illegible] Lindsay [illegible] Verene.

LOW RATE.

Home Seekers' Excursions.

The [illegible] Pacific Railway and [illegible] West [illegible] March 6th [illegible] very [illegible] cards [illegible] variation [illegible] Agent.

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"I had scrofula sores all over my back and face. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few weeks I could not see any sign of the sores." Otho B. Moore, Mount Hope, Wis.

Hog Three Months Without Water.

August Rougeoux, a farmer living near Saltsburg, lost a valuable hog last September, and though he hunted high and low the animal was not found. Three months later, while working about a haystack, Rougeoux heard a pig grunt. Upon investigation he discovered his long-lost hog underneath the haystack, the hog having lived three months on what it could bite off and without water. It was reduced to a skeleton.—Greensburg Tribune.

Every Other Man Killed.

At the battle of Hastings (A. D. 1066), the weapons being swords and battle axes, [illegible] fell fatally wounded out of every 1,000 soldiers.

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