

A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

She had kept her heart alive upon nothing else for eight years—dreams of home, and love, and appreciation; of liberty to speak out what she had never lispied since her mother died, and of being once again, joyously and without reserve, herself. There are no harder specters to lay than these same dreams. Memories, however dear and sacred, are more easily forgotten or dismissed, or smothered by the growth of later ones. If she bade them farewell now, it was for a lifetime. "A lifetime!" she repeated, shivering with a sick chill, and crouching lower over the register. "Maybe ten, maybe twenty—who knows but forty years? It is a tedious slumber of one's heart, and a loveless marriage is a loathsome sepulcher for one's better and real self. A lifetime! and I can have but one! But one! If this step should be ruin and misery, there can be no redemption this side of the grave. His grave, perhaps—just as probably mine!"

her brother. She was incapable of earning a livelihood by other means than those he had named. Her mode of life from her infancy had unfitted her for toil and privation, such as must be hers were her plain-spoken benefactor to die to-morrow. Nor had she the moral nerve to defy public opinion, to debar herself from accustomed associations and pleasures by entering the ranks of paid laborers. Hesitation was at an end. The wish that had been almost a prayer in solemn sincerity was answered fearfully soon, and she would offer no appeal. Her destiny was taken out of her hands. There was no more responsibility, no more struggling. Hedges to the right and to the left bristled with thorns, sharp and thick as porcupine quills. But one path lay open to her feet—a short and straight course that conducted her to Elnathan Withers' arms.

CHAPTER III.

ALF past five! I wrote to Harriet to have dinner ready at six. We shall be just in time," said Mr. Withers, as he took his seat in the carriage that was to convey him with his bride from the depot to their home.

Constance was jaded by her fortnight's travel, and dispirited almost beyond her power of concealment, but she had learned already that her lord disliked to have whatever observation he was pleased to make go unanswered. "She is your housekeeper, I suppose?" she replied, languidly. "No—that is—she does not occupy the position of a salaried inferior in my establishment. I must surely have spoken to you of my cousin, Harriet Field."

"Not that I recollect. I am sure that I never heard the name until now." "Her mother," continued Mr. Withers, in a pompous narrative tone, "was my father's sister. Left a widow ten years prior to her decease, she accepted my invitation to take charge of my house. She brought with her only child the Harriet of whom I speak, and the two remained with me until our family group was broken in upon by death. Harriet would then have sought a situation as governess but for my objections. She is a woman of thirty-five, or thereabouts, and I prevailed over her scruples touching the propriety of her continued residence under my roof, by representing that her mature age, even more than our relationship, placed her beyond the reach of scandal. For eighteen months she has superintended my domestic affairs to my entire satisfaction. That I have not alluded directly to her before during our acquaintanceship is only to be accounted for by the circumstance that we have had so many other and more engrossing topics of conversation." He raised her gloved hand to his lips in stiff gallantry, and Constance smiled constrainedly in reply.

His endearments, albeit he was less profuse of them than a younger and more ardent bridegroom would have been, were yet frequent enough to keep his wife in unflinching remembrance of his claims and her duties. He was, apparently, content with her passive submission to these, seemed to see in her forced complaisance evidence of her pleasure in their reception. He was too sedate, as well as too gentlemanly, to be openly conceited, but his appreciation of his own importance in society and in business circles was too profound to admit a doubt of the supreme bliss of the woman he had selected to share his elevated position. Without being puppyish, he was pragmatical; without being ill-tempered, he was tenacious in the extreme of his dignity and the respect he considered due to this. Had her mood been lighter Constance would have been tempted to smile at the allusion to his cousin's age, his own exceeding it by three years, as she had accidentally learned through the indiscretion of a common acquaintance. He was sensitive upon this point she had likewise been informed. She had yet to discover upon how many others.

would fare by and by, when the wound had become a scar, she thought of least of all. It was a handsome carriage in which she rode at the master's right hand. A pair of fine horses pranced before it, and a liveried coachman sat on the box. She had sometimes envied other women the possession of like state. She ought to derive delight from these outward symbols of her elevation in the world. It was an imposing mansion, too, before which the equipage presently paused, and a tall footman opened the front door and ran briskly down to the sidewalk to assist the travelers in alighting. None of her associates, married or single, lived in equal style, she reflected with a stir of exultation, as she stepped out, between her husband and his lackey. Mr. Withers' address dampened the rising glow. "This is our home, my dear. You will find no cause of discontent with it, I hope," he said, in benign patronage, handing her up the noble flight of stone steps. "Thank you," she replied, coldly. "It is a part of the price for which I sold myself," she was meditating. "I must not quarrel with my bargain." Miss Field met them in the hall—a wasp-like figure, surmounted by a small head. Her neck was bare and crane-like; her face very oval, her skin opaque and chalky; her hair black and shining, the front in long ringlets; her eyes jet beads, that rolled and twinkled incessantly. "My dear cousin!" she cried, effusively embracing her patron's hand and winking back an officious tear. "It is like sunshine to have you home again. How are you?" "Well—thank you, Harriet; or, I should say, in tolerable health," returned Mr. Withers, magnificently condescending. "Allow me to introduce my wife, Mrs. Withers!" Miss Field swept a flourishing courtesy. Constance, as the truer lady of the two, offered her hand. It was grasped very slightly, and instantly relinquished. "Charmed to have the honor, I am sure!" murmured Miss Field. "I trust I see Mrs. Withers quite well? But you, cousin—did I understand you to intimate that you were indisposed?" with strained solicitude. "A trifling attack of indigestion, not worth mentioning to any ears excepting yours, my good nurse." Miss Field smiled indulgence in this concession to her anxiety, and Constance, who now heard of the "indisposition" for the first time, looked from one to the other in surprised silence. "Perhaps Mrs. Withers would like to go directly to her apartments?" pursued Harriet, primly, with another courtesy. "By all means," Mr. Withers replied for her. "As it is, I fear your dinner will have to wait for her, if, as I presume is the case, you are punctual as is your custom." "Could I fall in promptly upon this day of all others?" queried Harriet, sentimentally arch, and preceded the bride upstairs. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HER CONTRIBUTION ACCEPTED.

Her Brother Paid for it at Advertising Rates. Here is the amusing experience of an amateur literary aspirant which was told to me a few days ago, says a writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser. A young woman in New York wrote one day a short skit intended to be humorous. It aroused favorable comment from her circle of friends and she made up her mind that it was good enough to be published in one of the humorous periodicals. Accordingly she submitted it to first one periodical, then another. It was a brief skit, only about fifty lines in all, and, as her brother indulgently said, "couldn't possibly have done any harm." But still the hard-hearted editors failed to see the humor of it and kept sending it back to her. Finally the young author lost heart completely and was about to bury her poor little skit in the depths of her portfolio. Then her brother took pity on her and said: "Here, give me your skit. I'll get it published or know the reason why." A week or two later her skit appeared in one of the humorous papers, and the young contributor enjoyed all the delights of first authorship, sending marked copies of the paper to friends, etc., etc. The contribution did not occupy a prominent place. It was among the advertisements, but the author had seen many comics among the advertisements and she was too contented to see her contribution in type to inquire farther. She never knew what that twinkle in her brother's eyes meant and that he had paid full advertising rates to insert her skit in "Fifty Hues space, single column, one insertion."

Before and After. "Do you really think he knows very much?" "My dear, sir; he knows as much as the average politician thinks he knows." "As much as he thinks he knows before or after the nomination?" The Fishing Touches. Husband to wife in full evening dress—"My stars! Is that all you are going to wear?" Wife (calmly)—"All, except the flowers. Which of these clusters would you select?" Husband (resignedly)—"The biggest." The man who don't forget anything isn't a going to learn much more.

MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO.

Where Are You Going This Summer? Now that summer is here, and warm weather is near at hand, the great number of people who have acquired the habit of spending the "hot spell" in some cooler place than home, are beginning to plan as to where they will go. It has been demonstrated that people living in high altitudes should go to the seashore, and people living in low altitudes should go to the mountains; and "the mountains" has come to mean Colorado, because there is found more in the way of recreation and pleasure than in any other locality. It would fill much space to name the many places which possess attractions, but any of the many points on the Denver & Rio Grande railway will be found pleasing to tourists. Trout fishing is probably the most enjoyable sport to be pursued, because it can be had with less trouble, annoyance and expense than any other, but the sportsman who is willing to undertake the extra hardships of going after bear, deer, elk and other wild animals that abound, can satisfy his ambition to the fullest extent. Those who prefer less laborious amusement for the summer, as a visit, at the springs, resorts, etc., can be equally well pleased at the numerous places of the kind. For those who wish to unite business with pleasure, is open the opportunity of prospecting or investing in Colorado mines, and in this direction no place promises such flattering returns. The mining interests, while having already yielded enormous wealth, are only in their infancy, and every day shows the discovery of rich values never before suspected, and it is becoming proverbial that the "tenderfoot" "strikes it" as frequently as the practical miner. The latter looks only for the particular rock that he knows bears fruit, while the former tests everything he finds and often discovers the mineral where the "old timer" has run over it. You will make no mistake in going to Colorado for your summer outing. F. P. Baker.

Where the Trouble Was. "Brother," said the minister, "you should try to be content with what you have." "I am," said the brother, who had been grumbling. "It is what I ain't got that I am dissatisfied about."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Very Low Rates to the West and South. On May 23, the North-Western Line will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets, with favorable time limit, to numerous points in the West and South at exceptionally low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

Inconvenient Cars. "How's your arm?" asked Tommy of the young man who calls at the house. "It's all right. Why?" "Cause I heard mother tell sister that she peeked into the parlor the other night and saw your arm out of place."—Detroit Free Press.

A Stern Race. Frances—Yes, he is pursuing literature. Gertrude—Indeed! And is he very successful? Frances—No. It is still a long way ahead of him.—Cleveland Leader.

DRY GOODS STOCKS Wanted. I will pay the highest price for Dry Goods or Boot and Shoestocks. Geo. A. Joslyn, Omaha, Neb.

One cod-liver oil manufacturer in the Lofoden islands, Norway, employs 70,000 persons.

A package of PERUVIANA, the best kidney cure on earth, sent FREE to any sufferer if written for promptly. Peruviana Remedy Co., 336 Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Summit (Me.) poor farm is tenanted by a solitary pauper.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

Carson now knows how to sympathize with Canton.

A Wonderful Statement From Mrs. McGillic to Mrs. Pinkham. I think it my duty, dear Mrs. Pinkham, to tell you what your wonderful Compound has done for me. I was dreadfully ill—the doctors said they could cure me but failed to do so. I gave up in despair and took to my bed. I had dreadful pains in my heart, fainting spells, sparks before my eyes—and sometimes I would get so blind, I could not see for several minutes. I could not stand very long without feeling sick and vomiting. I could not breathe a long breath without screaming, my heart pained so. I also had female weakness, inflammation of ovaries, painful menstruation, displacement of the womb, itching of the external parts, and ulceration of the womb. I have had all these complaints. The pains I had to stand were something dreadful. My husband told me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, which I did, and after taking it for a while, was cured. No other kind of medicine for me as long as you make Compound. I hope every woman who suffers will take your Compound and be cured.—Mrs. J. S. McGILLIC, 113 Kilburn avenue, Rockford, Ill.

Think of the breaking down of barriers of distance by land and sea, of the thousand beacon lights of knowledge, of the growth of spiritual life, the leavening power this is exerting. Realize the marvelous social evolution of our age.—Rev. Henry F. Milligan.

An Unfortunate Difficulty. A South Carolina correspondent describes the murder of a man as an "unfortunate difficulty." It is believed the deceased's family will readily accept this theory of the case.—Washington Post.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be sure to get full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. per box. Guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The whiskers of the walrus extend three or four inches from the snout. It would appear that the walrus aims to be the populat of the sea.—Boston Transcript.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

The army expenses per head of the population is \$4.75 in France and \$3.50 in Germany.

I never used so quick a cure as Pilo's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

Of the 51,000 breweries estimated to be in the world, 26,000 are in Germany.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A man to rule a woman must be strong enough not to use his strength.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 50c. per box. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Competition does not amount to much unless it is red hot.

Megaman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, etc. C.C. Clark & Co., N. H. Street, N. Y.

The mound builders of the Mississippi valley were not fools.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Life has its ups and downs as well as its dead levels.

THE MAIN MUSCULAR SUPPORTS OF THE BODY WEAKEN AND LET GO UNDER BACKACHE OR LUMBAGO. TO RESTORE, STRENGTHEN, AND STRAIGHTEN UP, USE ST. JACOB'S OIL.

ALABASTINE. IT WON'T RUB OFF. THE ONLY "ROCK" OF FAMOUS ALABASTINE. In a pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating, ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. For Sale by Paint Dealers Everywhere. A Trial Card showing its durable finish, also Alabastine paper is had enough, you have no need to buy any other. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"When I Saw —your advertisement I thought that it was probably like the announcements of many other makers of harvesting machinery—big blow and little show; but I'm ready to surrender go ahead, gentlemen, you're all right! I bought one of your binders last season and it is equal to any claim you ever made for it." This is the condensed essence of what Mr. Thomas Carney, of Washington Court House, Ohio, has to say about the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator. The claims made for McCormick Machines are strong claims. That's because

MCCORMICK Machines are so constructed that strong claims for them are justified. The machines you want will cost you more than the other kind, for the simple reason that it is worth more that's all—there's no other reason—and in the end you'll be glad you paid the difference, because there's nothing cheaper than the best. McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago. The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester, The Light-Running McCormick New Steel Mower, The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Cross Binder and The Light-Running McCormick Daisy Reaper, for sale everywhere.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing. R. F. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big C for unsuited discharges, inflammation, irritations, or obstructions, of mucous membranes. Pains, and not straining. THE GREAT URINARY CURE, sent or returned. R. F. A. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for 25c. per bottle, 50c. per circular sent on request.



Choosing a Husband. George Eliot says in one of her novels, that almost any woman can marry any man she makes up her mind to. Whether this is truth or fiction, certainly a woman chooses her husband often than he chooses her. But she must play the negative part. She can only make herself as attractive as possible in a modest, womanly way and rely upon human nature and manly instinct.

A sensible man naturally seeks a wholesome-looking, healthy, capable companion. Men are not unselfish enough to willingly assume the care of a weak, nervous, debilitated wife. Men are not attracted by a sallow, pimply complexion, foul breath, or thin, emaciated form, because these symptoms are the sure index of poor digestion and impoverished blood.

A woman afflicted by these mortifying miseries should seek the powerful, purifying and nutritional influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which completely dispels all unwholesome appearances by clearing and renovating the organic sources of healthful vitality. It helps the liver to filter all bilious impurities from the blood. It gives the digestive organs power to extract nourishment from the food. It rounds out this forms; wipes away wrinkles, and gives to the complexion its natural clearness and bloom.

Your "Golden Medical Discovery" cured me of a severe case of poisoning of the blood," writes Mrs. Sella Ricca, of Coast, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. "Bols one after another would break on my arms, and were very painful. I have tried the loudly praised Serravallo's without any benefit whatever, and not until I took your 'Discovery' did I get well. That was two years ago, and I have not had a blot or sore of any kind since."

FREE After learning we furnish you work at good wages; if you are willing to try you see. L. A. J. ART CO., Baltimore, Md.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, NO. 10, 1897. When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

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