

A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER VIII.



HE conclusion was in her mind often enough every day of her life to become hackneyed, yet it always brought with it a strange, sweet thrill. Truly sisterly affection was a holy and a beautiful thing! She had read as much in moral philosophy, and likewise in poetry. Few feelings could compare with it in unselfish fervor and constancy. And, as she had said, Edward was one brother in ten thousand—and not to be compared with common men.

She began the preparations for the drive at half-past two, pursuant to her husband's directions. Not that she expected to leave the house that afternoon, Edward's judgment being, in her estimation, but one remove from infallibility; she could not believe that the trial of the horses would result as Mr. Withers had predicted, but that they would be remanded to the stable and custody of the unreliable jockey without approaching her door, or gladdening Harriet's eyes. Nevertheless, the order had gone forth that she should don her cloak, furs, hat and gloves before three o'clock, and Mr. Withers would be displeased were he to return at five and find her in her home dress. Harriet tapped at her door before she was half ready.

"Just to remind you, my dear madam," she said, sweetly, "of what my cousin said about keeping the horses standing." She was equipped capable for the excursion, and Constance removed her silent accusation of imperfection forwardness as she saw her trip down stairs to take her station at a front window, that "my cousin" might see, at the first glance, that she was ready and eager for the promised—and because promised by him—certain pleasure of the jaunt.

Constance was surprised, five minutes before the hour designated, to hear a bustle and men's voices in the lower hall. They had really come, then, in spite of her prognostications. Drawing on her gloves that she might not be accused of dilatoriness, she walked to the door of her chamber, when it was thrown wide against her by her maid.

"Oh, ma'am!" she blubbered, her cheeks like ashes and her eyes bulging from their sockets. "May all the blessed souls have mercy upon ye! There's been the dreadful accident! Them horses of horses has run away, and Mr. Withers and Mr. Edward is both killed dead! They're a bringing them up-stairs this blessed minit, and—"

catching her mistress's skirt as she dashed past her—"you're not to be frightened, ma'am, the doctor says! He sent me up for to tell you careful!"

Unhearing and unheeding, Constance wrenched her dress from the girl's hold, and set upon the upper landing of the staircase four men bearing a senseless form. The head was sunk upon the breast, and the face hidden by the shoulders of those who carried him, but her eyes fell instantly upon the right hand, which hung loosely by his side. She recognized the fur gauntlet that covered it as one of a pair of riding gloves she had given Edward Withers at Christmas, and which he had worn since whenever he drove or rode. She had seen him pocket them that morning before going out.

"Mrs. Withers! my dear lady! you really must not touch him yet!" said the attendant physician, preventing her when she would have thrown her arms about the injured man. He pulled her back by main force, that the body might be carried into the chamber she had just quitted.

"Let me go! Let me go! Do you hear me?" her voice rising into a shrill scream that chilled the veins and pained the hearts of all who heard it. "Dead or alive, he belongs to me, and to no one else! Man! how dare you hold me? You do not know how much I loved him—my darling! Oh, my darling!"

The doctor was a muscular man, but, in her agony of despair, she was stronger than he, bade fair to master him, as she wrestled to undo his grasp upon her arms.

"In there no one in this place who can persuade her to be calm!" he asked, imploringly, looking back down the stairs.

"She do call for you all the time, sir, or I would not have made so bold as to disturb ye," said the girl who had beckoned him to the entrance. "She is a bit out of her head, poor lady!"

"Where is Miss Field? Why does she not attend to Mrs. Withers?" asked Edward, glancing reluctantly at his brother's bed.

In after days he could smile at the recollection of the reply, uttered with contemptuous indifference: "Oh, she's a-going into high strikes on the back parlor sofa."

At the time, he was only conscious of impatience at the call of pity that obliged him to leave his perhaps dying relative in the hands of comparative strangers. He ceased to regret his compliance when the tears that burst from Constance's eyes at sight of him were not attended by the ravings which had terrified her attendants. He sat down upon the edge of the bed, and leaned over to kiss the sobbing lips. "My dear sister, precious child!" he said, as a mother might soothe an affrighted daughter, and she dropped her head upon his shoulder, to weep herself into silence, if not composure.

When she could listen, he gave her the history of the misadventure in a few words. Mr. Withers had insisted upon handling the reins himself. This accounted to the auditor for his use of Edward's gloves as being thicker than his, although their owner made no mention of having lent them to him. The horses had behaved tolerably well until they were within three blocks of home, when they had shied violently at a passing omnibus, jerked the reins from the driver's hands, and dashed down the street, the sleigh upset at the first corner, and both the occupants were thrown out, Mr. Withers striking forcibly against a lamp-post, while Edward was partially stunned against the curb-stone. They had been brought to their own door in a carriage, the younger brother reviving in time to alight, with a little assistance from a friendly bystander, and to superintend the other's removal to the house and up the stairs.

Constance heard him through without interruption or comment, voluntarily raised her head from its resting place, and lay back upon her pillows, covering her face with her hands. One or two quiet tears made their way between her fingers as she removed them, but her hysterical sobbing had ceased. "I am thankful for your safety," she said so composedly that it sounded coldly unfeeling. "Now go back to your brother. He needs you, and I do not. I shall be better soon, and then I must bear my part in nursing him. If he should ask for me, let me know without delay." She sent her servants out when he had gone, and locked her door on the inside.

"Who'd have thought that she and Mr. Edward would take it so hard?" said the cook, as exponent of the views of the kitchen cabinet. "If so be the masher shouldn't get over this, it will go nigh to killing her. I never knowed she were that fond of him. Ah, well, she ought to be, for it's her he'll leave well provided for, I'll be bound! Them as has heeps to 'lave has plenty to mourn for them."

An hour elapsed before Mr. Withers understood aright where he was and what had happened, and then his wife's face was the first object he recognized. It was almost as bloodless as his, yet she was collected and helpful, a more efficient coadjutor to the surgeons than was sfigety Harriet, whose buzzings and hoverings over the wounded man reminded Edward of a noisy and persistent gad fly.

The moved gentleness of Constance's tone in answering the patient's inquiries was mistaken by the attendants for fondest commiseration, and the family physician's unspoken thought would have chimed in well with the servant's verdict. Mr. and Mrs. Withers were not reputed to be a loving couple, but in moments of distress and danger, the truth generally came to light. No husband, however idolized, could be nursed more faithfully or have excited greater anguish of solicitude than spoke in her dry eyes and rigid features, even if her wild outbreak at first seeing him had not betrayed her real sentiments.

In her calmer review of the scene, Constance could feel grateful for the spectators' misconception which had shielded her from the consequences of her madness; could shudder at the thought of the ignominy she had narrowly escaped. But this was not the grief from which she now recoiled with horror and self-loathing that led her to avoid meeting the eyes bent curiously or sympathetically upon her, and to cling to the nerveless hand of him whose trust she had betrayed. To him, her husband, she had not given a thought when the dread tidings of disaster and death were brought to her. What to her was an empty marriage vow, what the world's reprobation, when she believed that Edward lay lifeless before her? "Man! you do not know how I loved him?" she had said. She might have added, "I never knew it myself until now." And what was this love—coming when, and as it did—but a crime, a sin to be frowned upon by Heaven and denounced by man? A blasphemous, which, if set upon her brow, as it was upon her soul, would condemn her to be ranked with the outcast of her sex, the creatures whom sutured matronhood blasts with lightning of indignant scorn, and pure virgins blush to name.

CHAPTER IX. HALL you be too much engaged at the office today, Edward, to drive out with Constance at noon?" questioned Mr. Withers one morning when his brother came to his room to inquire after his health, and to receive his commands for the business day. "Certainly not! Nothing would give me more pleasure!" As he said it, the respondent turned with a pleasant smile to his sister-in-law, who was pouring out her husband's chocolate at a stand set in front of his lounge. She started perceptibly at the proposition and her hand shook in replacing the silver pot upon the tray. "I could not think of it!" she said hastily. "It is kind and thoughtful in you to suggest it, Elnathan, but, indeed, I greatly prefer to remain at home."

"It is my preference that you should go!" The invalid spoke decidedly, but less irascibly than he would have done to anyone else who resisted his authority. "It is now four weeks since my accident, and you have scarcely left the house in all that time. You are growing thin and pale from want of sleep and exercise."

"I practice callisthenics every day, as you and Dr. Weldon advised," rejoined Constance, timidly.

"But within doors. You need the fresh out-door air, child. You have taken such good care of me, that I should be very remiss in my duty, were I to allow you to neglect your own health."

He had grown very fond of her within the period he had mentioned, and showed it, in his weakness, more openly than dignity would have permitted, had he been well. He put his hand upon her shoulder as she sat upon a stool beside him, the cup of chocolate in her hand. "Recollect! I must get another nurse should your health fail. You see how selfish I am?"

A jest from him was noteworthy, for its rarity; but Constance could not form her lips into a smile. They trembled instead in replying. "I see how good and generous you are! I will drive, if you insist upon it, but there is not the slightest necessity for your brother's escort. John is very careful and attentive. Or, if you wish me to have company, I will call for Mrs. Melton. She has no carriage, you know?"

"Send yours for her whenever you like, by all means. But, until I am able to accompany you, it is my desire that Edward shall be with you in your drives whenever this is practicable. My late adventure has made me fearful, I suppose. Call this a sick man's fancy, if you will, my dear, but indulge it. At twelve, then, Edward, the carriage will be ready. Ascertain for yourself before you set out that the harness is all right, and have an eye to the coachman's management of the horses."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FEATHERED LOVERS.

The Male Song Bird Studies His Lady's Wants.

A class of lovers that may well be considered is that of which the bluebird is one conspicuous example and the goldfinch another—the class in which the females do all the work of nest-building, while the males devote themselves to singing, says the Chautauquan. At first thought these males are so very much like some men that we all know—men who are pretty and are given to compliments and who are enabled to dress well through the wisdom and labor of their wives—that they are slightly spooked by nearly all students of bird habits. Even the gorgeous Baltimore oriole is but half complimented, for he only occasionally helps at the nest-making. But let the observer consider the cases of these birds a little further and it appears that the oriole, at least, is deserving of sympathy rather than faint praise. No one can watch the oriole lady at her knitting for any length of time without seeing her good man try to help. He will bring something and offer to weave it in, but the chances are that the madam will first order him off and then, if he persists, make a dash at him with her bill that sends him mourning to another tree. He really mourns, too, though in silence. I have known of a case where a male oriole sat watching his wife for a half hour without singing a single note. The bluebird, too, is often treated very brusquely by his little better half. The truth is the poor fellows who have been derided for singing in idle delight while their wives toiled are not a little henpecked. The goldfinch cannot be called henpecked but he certainly does not deserve censure. Madam builds her nest because she can do it better than he can. That he would like to help is perfectly plain to one who watches, for he goes with her as she flies away for material, sits by her as she picks it up and flies back with her as she returns to the nest to weave it in. And wherever he goes he bubbles over with song. People who blame the males for not helping to build do not understand, I think, the difference between work as we see it and work as birds see it. To us labor is drudgery; to the birds it is delightful play.

How It Happened.

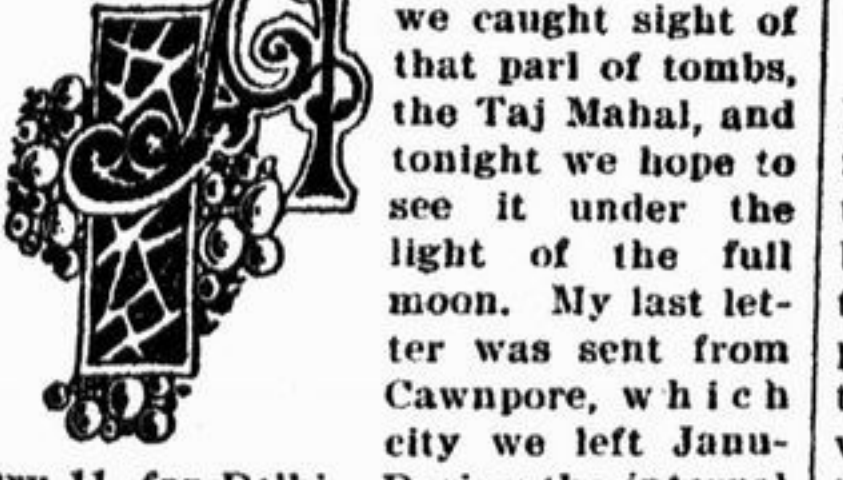
Aunt Mary—"But tell me, how did you happen to marry him?" "Bertha—" "Why, you see, everything was ready. He had asked me to have him and I had consented; he had procured the license and engaged the clergyman, and I had sent out cards and ordered the cake; so, you see, we thought that we might as well go through with it. There, aunt, that is the reason, as near as I can remember it."—Boston Transcript.

"THE ROME OF ASIA."

TOWERS AND PALACES OF DELHI, INDIA.

Dr. Barrows Writes of the Splendors and the Squalor of the Indian City—Famine and Its Ravages—Tardy Relief.

(AGRA, India, Letter.)



AS we entered this beautiful city today we caught sight of that pair of tombs, the Taj Mahal, and tonight we hope to see it under the light of the full moon. My last letter was sent from Cawnpore, which city we left January 11, for Delhi. During the interval we have spent three days in the old capital of the mogul empire, have reached the northern part of our journey in Lahore, and have seen the Golden temple of Amritsar. A visit to Delhi, often called the Rome of Asia, is an introduction to the grandeur and splendor of Shah Jehan, the builder, grandson of Akbar. We were the guests of the Rev. S. S. Thomas of the English Baptist mission, in a rented house which once belonged to Lord Lawrence, before he became the ruler of India. Here I met Dr. F. E. Clark, the leader of the Christian Endeavor movement, and assisted him in Christian Endeavor meetings both in Delhi and in Lahore.

My first lecture at St. Stephen's college in Delhi, which is conducted by the Cambridge mission, was on the Chicago parliament of religions—a fact of some little interest for the reason that it was Akbar, the greatest of the Mogul emperors, who called together his debating school of rival priests, Hindoo, Moslem, Buddhist and Christian, who contended like medieval

with all kinds of precious jewels. The Kohinoor itself was probably set at one time in Shah Jehan's imperial chair. No one acquainted with human cupidity would expect that a throne into which would be worked a carload of jewels would last forever, especially in a land of changing military dynasties. As I sat on the marble dais, where all this splendor once gleamed, and summoned before my imagination the gorgeous scenes on which the proud emperor gazed, and as I thought of the Persian inscription on the north and south arches of the hall—

"If on earth be an Eden of bliss, It is this, it is this, none but this."

I felt awed, not only the transitoriness, but the moral unworthiness, of the glories which were made possible by the spoliation of millions, and by the practical enslavement of a whole people. There is no reason to believe the condition of the Indian nations was better in the time of Shah Jehan than in the time of the Queen-Empress Victoria. Indeed, it must have been far worse. There are native patriots to-day who imagine that the "simple life of India" is preferable to the "luxurious and enervating civilization" of the west. I have even been asked if I would like to live the "simple life of India." If by this expression is meant the half-clothed distress, the pitiful hunger of the many millions who, formerly in years of famine, but generally live in mud hovels without the comforts that are enjoyed by some of the aboriginal tribes of North America, I should neither like it for myself nor for the poorest and most abject people of Europe. One feels almost hopeless for a people living in such material conditions. Of course, the general distress is aggravated in this year of plague and famine. Thousands, we are told, have died of hunger. The British government was altogether too slow in bringing relief, and it seems that it was finally almost driven to take decisive action by the indignant clamors of those who would not dis-

THE GRAIN-O LAW SUIT.

Rochester, N. Y., May 19, 1897.—The great \$50,000 damage suit instituted by a Michigan cereal company against the Genesee Pure Food Company is at an end. They settled it and took it out of court for the ridiculously small sum of \$500, and, as a practical result, Grain-O is in greater demand than ever. The new plant, only just completed, is to be duplicated, so that not only the old friends of the delicious food drink, which completely takes the place of coffee, but the new friends it is making every day can be supplied. The beverage which the children, as well as the adult, may drink with benefit will be furnished in unlimited quantities.

Suits may come and suits may go, but Grain-O goes on forever.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

What She Said. "Did you tell her I was out, Bridget?" "I did, mum." "What did she say?" "Thank th' Lord, mum."—New York Tribune.

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Sufferers from neuralgia are warned by a medical writer not to drink tea, but to drink freely of coffee into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed.

Pain's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Mifflinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, 1893.

English prisoners who are not educated up to a certain standard receive compulsory instruction in their cells twice a week.

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

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

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GUITAR AT NIGHT, any one can play Guckert's A. B. C. Method of Chords sent post-paid for 5c. J. H. Bell, Music Dealer, Kansas City, Mo.

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The average life of a ship is about twenty-six years.



TAG. MAHAL, AGRA.

knights in a tournament, in no spirit of fellowship and fraternity, but each anxious for an imperial verdict in his favor. Akbar was an eclectic in religion and in matrimony. His wives were from various faiths.

European residents have their homes outside most Indian cities, and in almost all our explorations of the native bazaars we drive a considerable distance through English cantonments, by the side of the bungalows inhabited by missionaries, civil and military officers, before we reach the town. Delhi, although it has a population of nearly 200,000, and, although its bazaars are rich with enameled jewelry, exquisite miniatures, engraved gems, cashmere shawls, embroideries, potteries and carved ivory, has the usual squalid look of Indian cities, dignified, however, by the walls and gates of the town, by one magnificent and unequalled mosque, the Jumma Musjid, and most of all by the imperial fort-palace, which, in its golden prime, before the building of barracks and its devastation by the English military occupants, probably was unsurpassed by any royal residence in the world. The red sandstone walls inclosing an area 3,000 feet long by 500 feet wide are grandly imposing, and the gateway is indeed noble. Mr. Ferguson, the architect, calls it "the noblest entrance that belongs to any existing palace." The three objects of surpassing interest within the royal inclosure are the public hall of audience, the private hall of audience and the pearl mosque. The last of these buildings is a tiny three-domed marble jewel, called by one the daintiest little building in all India, and which, as another has said, "should be kept in a jewel-case."

The hall of public audience is a red sandstone structure, richly inlaid with marble, open on three sides and supported by beautiful colonades. The emperor's throne and canopy made of white marble and adorned with birds, flowers and fruits in semi-precious stones, stood in the center of the back wall of this court of audience. But the crowning glory of the palace was the Diwan-i-Khas, or private hall of audience, an open, white-marble building, richly adorned by inlaid work, formerly decorated in gold, and the ceiling plated with silver. In the center of this superb hall still stands the white marble dais on which was formerly placed the world-famous peacock throne, whose value—for Americans like to know the cost of things—was from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000. Shah Jehan employed the services of a French jeweler, Austin de Bordeaux, to construct this matchless royal seat, which was decorated with the figures of two immense peacocks, whose spread tails were inlaid with emeralds, pearls and various colored gems, while between them perched a parrot, said to have been carved out of a single emerald. The throne itself was six feet long and stood on six golden legs, encrusted

believe what their own eyes saw. I myself have seen pitiful wretches, lean and haggard, gathered at the stations. I have been told of deaths from famine by those who knew the special circumstances. I am credibly informed that mothers have offered to sell their children for one good meal. The camera does not lie, and I send pictures of some of the subjects of the British empire taken in December at Jubbulpore, when Lord George Hamilton was dissuading the English people from aiding the sufferers because the "situation had not fully declared itself."

But taking our thoughts from the awful contrasts of splendor and squalor we leave the palace-fort, drive home to breakfast, and then go to the Baptist mission, where Dr. Francis E. Clark was speaking to a room full of young people, mostly Indians, on the claims and advantages of the Christian Endeavor work. I was glad to add my testimony, which an interpreter made intelligible, to this form of Christian organization and effort. It was a very pretty scene—the girls, with their white saris, or head coverings, seated on the rug-covered floor in the center



INTERIOR OF PEARL MOSQUE.

of the room, with the young men and teachers occupying seats around the sides. The peacock throne was a tawdry bit of workmanship compared with the human jewels gathered by the missionaries out of the homeless, darkened and terribly degraded lives of the Delhi population. The Jumma Musjid, which we next visited, is deemed the finest mosque in Asia. An elevated court reached by staircases, surrounded by walls, with a domed sanctuary on the western side, facing toward Mecca, with an area large enough for 25,000 worshippers, who sometimes are gathered here—such is the Jumma Musjid. JOHN HENRY BARROWS.

"And how did he die?" asked the lady who had come west to inquire after the husband she had lost. "Er—by request, ma'am," said the gentle cowboy, as mildly and regretfully as possible.—Indianapolis Journal.

Poisoned Blood

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