

A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.) It was early in March when Constance perceived, or fancied she perceived, a marked alteration in the demeanor of her brother-in-law. He was not less kind, and his fraternal attentions were rendered freely and cordially as ever, but he was less gay, and was addicted to fits of abstraction, profound, although apparently not sad, while his absence from the family circle, without apology, became so common that it ceased to provoke Harriet's frivolous wonder, and to disappoint Mr. Withers. Constance had never complained of or remarked upon this. But her mind was tossed night and day upon a tumultuous tide of conjectures, she would fain have termed apprehensions, rather than hopes. Up to this date she had believed her love and her misery to be unshared and unsuspected by him; had reiterated, in her filial self-deception, thanksgivings choked by tears that she was the only sufferer from her wretched folly. Did she grow suddenly cruel and base the moment when she thought that the error was mutual, awake raptures, the remembrance of the suffering he must also taste had not the power to still? Was the salve to her self-respect supplied by the discovery that her divinity was a fallible man, impotent to resist the subtle temptation that had overcome her prejudices and sense of right, worth the price paid for it? A new terror, more sweet than any joy she had ever known, soon laid hold of her. It was idle to ignore the fact that Edward furtively, but persistently, sought a private interview with her. She might disregard his beseeching glances, affect to misunderstand his signals, and his uttered hints, might seek, in constant ministrations to her husband's wants and whims, to guard herself, and to forget these omens of a nearing crisis. But she comprehended his designs; marked with a thrill, that was the opposite to pain, his chagrin at his failure, and the augmented restlessness of his mind, betokening perplexity and desire. What was to be the end of this pursuit, and her evasion of it, when her own heart was the tempter's strongest ally? She dared not hear him say that she was dear to him as he had long been to her. Knowing, as she did, that she ought to spurn him from her at the remotest approach to this theme, she was never able to say with an honest purpose that she was likely to do it. If she doubted his intentions, she doubted herself yet more.

"John," she called through the front window, "where are you going? What brought you here?" "Mr. Edward told me to call for him at 4 o'clock, ma'am. I thought he had spoken to you about it," was the respectful rejoinder. There was no immediate reply, and he checked his horses to inquire. "Will I go back, ma'am?" "No, go on." She threw herself upon the back seat again, with throbbing pulses and a feeling that she had spoken the sentence which was to decide her fate for time and for eternity. "Heaven help me to stand fast!" the tongue essayed to say, and while the heart was melting into tenderness, and vibrating with expectation. It lacked ten minutes of the appointed hour when they reached the office, but Edward stood upon the door step, hat and gloves on. "It is good in you to submit so quietly to my meddling," he began, by the time he was seated. "But I have something to say to you, a story to tell which I can keep no longer. You must have seen, although you have seemed not to do so, how I have dogged your steps for some weeks past, in the hope of stealing an opportunity for confession. I have sometimes ventured to believe that your woman's wit and woman's heart had penetrated my secret; that what entered so largely into my thoughts and motives, made up so much of my life, could not remain hidden from your eyes. I wanted to tell you of it long ago, dear Connie, but the recollection of what was due to another withheld me, while I was yet uncertain that my love was returned. I had so little reason for hope, although hope has never flagged—mine is a sanguine nature, you know—that I hesitated to speak openly. Now that I can feel firm ground under my feet, my happiness is mixed with much alloy, I must either take from one who is a hopeless invalid the ablest and most lovely nurse that ever man had; condemn him, whose claim the world would declare to be superior to mine, to loneliness and sorrow, or consent to a season of dreary waiting before I can call my darling my own. Do you wonder that thoughts such as these have preyed upon my spirits; racked me with anxiety, even in the blessed hour of assurance that my devotion was not wasted?"

CHAPTER XI.

His rapid articulation had given Constance no time for reply, but her excitement equalled his, as she bent her veiled face upon her hands and listened in dumb alarm at the emotions arising to meet his avowal of love and longing. To her, what would have sounded incoherent to a third person, was explicit and fervent. He knew her as his mate, and would not give her up; asserted his rights with a master's authority, while

his heart ached at thought of the woe in store for her nominal possessor. "I have startled you by my vehemence," he continued, taking the hand that lay upon her lap. "I feared lest this announcement might seem abrupt, but the steamer sails at five o'clock, and I last night obtained Evelyn's permission to bring you to see her off. She owes you a debt of gratitude for your sisterly care of my lonely and graceless self. She loves you dearly already, as you will hear when you have had one glimpse of her face. You reminded me of her the first day of our meeting. I have traveled with her and her sick father for three months, and at parting more than hinted at my attachment. With candor that would have driven me to desperation had it been less mournful, she declared her intention not to marry while her father lived. 'He needs my constant care,' she said. 'Without it he would die in a week. He will never be better. The kindest service you can do me, as the wisest you can do yourself, is to forget me.' I have been steadily disobedient to her advice. I told her as much when I found out by chance two months ago that she was in the city. She was very resolute for a time, often refusing to see me when I called, and again begging me, even with tears, to dismiss all idea of making her my wife. It is now a fortnight since her father unexpectedly announced his determination to return to Europe, and, in the anticipation of our second parting, acknowledged that my love was returned. Our engagement would be an unsatisfactory one to most people, but she is the earthly impersonation of the angel of patience, and I can surely wait a few months, or even years, for a gift so precious. Her father is afflicted by a complication of disorders, the most serious being an organic affection of the heart. She is the only living child. It would be sheer barbarity to separate them, and with an invalid's obstinacy he will not hear of taking up his abode in his daughter's house should she marry. My poor Evelyn, my gentle love; she is a martyr and I can do so little to lighten her burden."

"It is very hard," he had paused and Constance must speak. Too pre-occupied by his own reflections to note her thick articulation and studiously averted face, Edward took up the word warmly. "Hard! What could be harder for both of us?" She interrupted him by an impetuous gesture. "You are talking wildly—wickedly! Think what you would suffer if you loved without hope of requital!" He absolutely laughed. "As if that could be. Affection, full and fervent as mine, holds a witch-hazel that never errs in pointing to the fount of answering love. Why, Connie, we were made for one another—Eva and I!" Was no scalding drop of bitterness to be spared from her cup? Whole, then, was the fatal mistake which had opened the sluices of her soul with cruel humiliation and anguish?

"Drive us near to the steamer as you can, John," called Edward from his window, and in the appreciation of the truth that the sharpest ordeal was yet before her and fearfully near at hand, Constance submitted to be handed from the carriage to the wharf. Through a bewildering haze she saw the noisy crowd, the smoke-stack of the monstrous vessel, stumbled along the gangway connecting it with the shore, yielding passively to the impetuosity of Edward's arm and regained sight, hearing and consciousness of brain when she stood in a handsome saloon, a small hand, warm as hers was icy, fluttering in her grasp, and a pair of dark, thoughtful eyes fixed upon her face. "You were very good to come," said a low voice, fraught with emotion, yet steady. "Allow me to present my father, Mr. Pynsent. Mrs. Withers, father."

She looked up and spoke the lady, and her father arose from his divan, supporting himself upon a cane, and saluted Mrs. Withers with stately politeness. Both were high bred, but it was not Evelyn's beauty that had won her lover. Her eyes and mouth were her only really good features. Constance knew herself to be the handsomer of the two, but the persuasion added to the hopelessness of her ill-fated love. The qualities that had knit to this girl's heart that of the man who had seen the beauties of two hemispheres, which had kept him true to her and her alone, although opposed by absence, discouragement and the wiles of scores of other women, lay beyond her power of analysis and counter-charms. She began to understand how it had come to pass when she had commanded her wits so far as to talk five minutes with Edward's betrothed; owned reluctantly, that had she met her as new acquaintances generally meet she would have been irresistibly attracted by her winning ladyhood and the countenance that united so much sweetness with sense and spirit.

There was time now for little beyond the kindly commonplaces suitable to their meeting in a public place and their prospective parting, and even these Constance abridged ostensibly, but the others deemed considerably, that the last precious moments with his affianced might be all Edward's. Without verbal pretext, she arose from her place beside Evelyn and passed around to Mr. Pynsent's side, engaging him in conversation about his voyage and destination. The atmosphere was a degree less stifling there. If she moved, smiled and talked mechanically, it mattered nothing now that the pen-

etrating eyes she most dreaded never left their resting-place upon the visage of which they were taking a long farewell. There was nothing to be apprehended from the rich man's restless regards, which wandered incessantly from her to the betrothed couple, his gray eyebrows contracting with pain or mental disquiet as he did so. Had Evelyn been free to maintain her usual watch upon him, she would have taken alarm at these increasing symptoms of distress and the livid hue settling upon his complexion. Constance did not notice these until, simultaneously with the clanging of the bell overhead and the rapid rush of feet toward the shore, he threw both hands outward, with the aimless clutch of a sightless man, and fell against her as she sat by him on the sofa.

The utmost confusion reigned in the saloon for a few moments—exclamations, inquiries and orders—loud, varied and useless. Then Edward's strong voice recommended, in stringent terms, that the room be cleared of all except the immediate attendants of the sufferer, including a gentleman who had introduced himself as a physician. The spasm passed into a swoon so deathly and protracted that Constance was ready to believe the patient was beyond the reach of earthly aid, notwithstanding the doctor's assertion that he would probably revive, and even Evelyn murmured once when Edward would have confirmed the cheering assurance: "It may be. I hope so; but I never saw him quite so ill before."

Finally life fought its way back, inch by inch, to the worn heart; the fingers relaxed from their rigid clench, the lips were less purple, and the eyes were unclosed feebly upon the anxious group. When he could move Edward and the physician supported him to his stateroom, followed by Evelyn. Constance, left to herself, had leisure to observe what had not until now drawn her attention. The bustle of embarkation had ceased, but through the almost deserted saloon sounded the measured throb of the powerful engines as they urged the boat through the water. She threw open a window and looked out. They were already far down the bay, the spires of the city lessening in the distance, and the vessel under full headway. She met Edward at the stateroom door with the startling intelligence. For an instant he looked as aghast as herself, then he recovered his self-possession with a smile. She must compose herself and trust him to extricate them both from the predicament in which his thoughtlessness had placed them. The worst that could befall them was a few hours' delay in returning home. He would see the captain forthwith, and request him to signal the first homeward-bound pilot-boat or other vessel they might espay.

Constance did as he bade her—resumed her seat, and seemed to await the result of the affair patiently. "I am afraid your brother may be alarmed at our continued absence," was her only remark. "He will understand at once what has happened when John goes home with the news that he drove us down to see the steamer off," replied Edward, confidently. "We shall have a merry laugh tomorrow at breakfast over our adventure. So long as you are not unhappy or angry with me, I am comfortable on the score of Einathian's displeasure."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE YARD MEASURE.

Standards Have Varied in the Different Ages of the World.

The yard is the British and American standard of length. Down to 1824 the original standard of Britain (and from which ours was copied) was a rod, which had been deposited in the court of exchequer, London, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In those days, says the St. Louis Republic, all measures intended for general use were taken to the court of exchequer to be examined by the proper officer. That official took the proposed measure and placed it parallel with the standard, and if found correct placed certain marks of identification upon it. By an act of parliament in 1824 the old Elizabethan standard was superseded by another, which had been constructed under the directions of the Royal Society sixty-four years previous. This act provided that "the straight line or distance between the centers of two points in the gold studs in the brass rod now in the custody of the clerk of the house of commons shall be the genuine standard of the yard measure in Great Britain."

The act further provided that the measurements of the rod must be made when the temperature of the brass rod was at 62 degrees Fahrenheit. That standard was destroyed by fire in 1834 and the commission appointed to replace it made the yard measure now in use. The new standard was deposited in the house of parliament in 1855 and authenticated copies of it are in the possession of our government officials at Washington.

Went Below.

The ground under the city of San Salvador is full of caverns of unknown depths. A man was once digging a well there. The last stroke he gave with his pick, the bottom fell out and he and his pick fell through, nobody knows where.

Bicycles in the Desert.

Practical tests have shown that a bicycle runs easily on the sand of the African deserts, and in due time the camel will follow the horse into oblivion.

Died at War Mother's Funeral.

Mrs. Belle Elliott, of Winamac, Ind., died in a carriage which had just reached her home after bearing her to her mother's funeral.

COMPETITION.

Senator O. H. Platt Makes Some Novel Points for Railways.

By Senator O. H. Platt: Competition in railroad transportation differs from every other kind of competition in the world. I do not say that it is not to be judged by the same legal rule, but I say in essence and in character it is different from competition in any other business. In the first place, it is not competition in trade. The railroad buys nothing of the producer; it sells nothing to the consumer. It simply carries—it distributes; that is all. Contracts in restraint of trade may operate the same with reference to contracts between common carriers as between merchants; but the two kinds of business differ in character. It differs from every other business, because whatever the result of the competition and the rivalry the railroad stays. Ricardo is a great advocate of the doctrine that competition is the life of trade; but he writes from a banker's standpoint. In banking, capital is circulatory. If competition drives it out of the banking business it may go into the manufacturing business. But the railroad stays whatever the result of competition.

If "competition and the survival of the fittest" means the physical removal of the weakest, the pretended law is inapplicable, for you cannot remove the railroad. When its iron rails are laid down from point to point, there it stays; and however many companies may be bankrupted by competition, there stands another company ready to take its place and to be bankrupted in turn. It is not so on the water-ways. If two rival coach proprietors disagree and one is bankrupted, the coaches can go elsewhere and run on other roads. If rival steamboat lines disagree and by competition one is bankrupted, the boats can go elsewhere. The world is full of free highways, but the railroad is not a free highway.

She Had the Stamps.

"So, he's to marry Miss Croesnut?" "Yes." "She's not very beautiful. I wonder how he ever happened to look in her direction?" "Why, you see, he's an enthusiast in his line." "And what's his line?" "He's a stamp collector."—Chicago Post.

A FREE FARM.

The Dominion government have many publications giving facts about the advantages of Manitoba, Alberta and Assiniboia for mixed farming or ranching. One hundred and sixty acres free. For pamphlets and information write C. J. BROUGHTON, Agent, 232 Clark st., Chicago.

Wouldn't Work.

Wayback—Wat's dat yew hev tied tew yore leg, Mister Hayback? Hayback—That's my son's black-kicker. Just wanted tew see how many miles I'd walk plowin' this field; an' th' dinged thing's a fraud, fer she ain't moved a peg yit.—Puck.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Where Ignorance Etc.

Miss S.—Don't you think it a pity that some people are so homesy? Mr. W.—Yes, indeed! But then they are very seldom aware of the fact.—Brooklyn Life.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

No man can be entirely free from responsibilities so long as he wears suspenders.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Even in traveling a thorny path it may not be necessary to step on all the thorns.

ETS Permanently Cured. No fee or remuneration after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 60-day trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 531 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is marvelous how long a rotten post will stand, provided it is not shaken.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Casson's Candy Cathartic. 50c or \$1. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Love doesn't begin in friendship; it begins near so often as friendship begins in love.

The best way to prevent loss of hair is to lock it up securely before retiring.

Wagoner's Camphor Ice with Glycerine Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Rora Feet, Chittains, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

A crazy friend will do you more harm than a wise enemy.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lutz, Publisher, La., August 26, 1895.

Everybody is not perfect, and even editors have their faults.

Wheat, Buckwheat and other seeds, lowest prices. Balzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

A house without a neighbor is worth a thousand gold florins.

If you are "dead tired" tone up your system with Dr. Kay's Renovator. See ad.

False worship will kill the soul as quickly as no worship.

DOCTORS HAD GIVEN HER UP.

A Convincing Letter From One of Mrs. Pinkham's Admirers.

No woman can look fresh and fair who is suffering from displacement of the womb. It is ridiculous to suppose that such a difficulty can be cured by an artificial support like a pessary. Artificial supports make matters worse, for they take away all the chance of the ligaments recovering their vigor and tone. Use strengtheners; the ligaments have a work to do.

If they grow flabby and refuse to hold the womb in place, there is but one remedy, and that is to strengthen their fibres and draw the cords back into their normal condition, thus righting the position of the womb.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is designed especially for this purpose, and, taken in connection with her Sanative Wash, applied locally, will tone up the uterine system, strengthening the cords or ligaments which hold up the womb.

Any woman who suspects that she has this trouble—and she will know it by a dragging weight in the lower abdomen, irritability of the bladder and rectum, great fatigue in walking, and leucorrhoea—should promptly commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If the case is stubborn, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., stating freely all symptoms. You will receive a prompt letter of advice free of charge. All letters are read and answered by women only. The following letter relates to an unusually severe case of displacement of the womb, which was cured by the Pinkham remedies. Surely it is convincing:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier cured me when the doctors had given me up. I had spent hundreds of dollars searching for a cure, but found little or no relief until I began the Pinkham remedies. I had falling and displacement of the womb so badly that for two years I could not walk across the floor. I also had profuse menstruation, kidney, liver, and stomach trouble. The doctors said my case was hopeless. I had taken only four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one of the Blood Purifier when I felt like a new person. I am now cured, much to the surprise of my friends, for they all gave me up to die. Now many of my lady friends are using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound through my recommendation, and are regaining health. It has also cured my little son of kidney trouble. I would advise every suffering woman in the land to write to Mrs. Pinkham for aid."—Mrs. EMMA PARSONS, Alanson, Mich.



Advertisement for White Topaz gemstones. Features the headline "We defy the Experts" and "GIGANTIC OFFER". Includes a large "25" and text describing the quality and value of the stones. Mentions "THE DIAMOND PALACE, AMERICAN EXPRESS BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL." and "SEND us twenty-five cents in gold or stamps and you will be delighted with the White Topaz that you receive."

Advertisement for "THE EASTERN SUMMER RESORTS". Features the headline "ARE REACHED IN THE MOST COMFORTABLE MANNER VIA LAKE SHORE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY". Includes the text "SEND for HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED TOURIST BOOK."

Advertisement for "HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER". Claims to "Beautifully and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing." Sold by R. F. Hall & Co., Prop., N. H. Sold by all druggists.

Advertisement for "S100 To Any Man." Claims "WILL PAY S100 FOR ANY CASE Of Weakness in Men They Treat and Fail to Cure." Includes text about a medical treatment for weakness and restoration of vitality.

Advertisement for "CURE YOURSELF!" with a circular logo. Text: "Use Big 48 for unsanitary, itching, sore, inflamed, irritated or ulcerated, fissured, or cracked, or any other kind of skin eruptions, pimples, and all other skin troubles. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, 25c per bottle, 50c per 3 bottles, \$1.00 per 6 bottles. Circular sent on request."

Advertisement for "DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY". Claims to cure dropsy, edema, and other ailments. Text: "DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. H. Kline's Dispensary, N. Y."

Advertisement for "PATENTS". Text: "W. N. U. CHICAGO, NO. 25, 1897. When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper."

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