

A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)
Constance looked up eagerly. "He has done nothing and said nothing inconsistent with honor and what he owes you. The weakness is all mine; the folly, the madness and the suffering. He never thought of me except as a sister. Surely his engagement proves this."

"What should your marriage have proved?" asked her husband, sarcastically. "It may be as you say. If I believe it, it is not because you swear it is the truth. But I did not come here to waste time in reproaches. There is but one way to put this scandal down; namely, to conduct ourselves as if we had never heard of it. Of course, as soon as can be done without exciting remark, Edward must seek another home. Our removal to the country will afford a convenient opportunity for effecting this change. As to your reputation, I charge myself with the care of it from this hour. My error has been undue indulgence."

Constance lifted her leaden eyes with a look of utter wretchedness. "If you would but suffer me to go away and hide myself from all who know my miserable story I would ask nothing else at your hands. You would the sooner forget the unhappiness brought upon you by the sad fate of marriage in which we have been the actors."

"On my part it has been no farce," replied the stern metallic voice. "I have conscientiously fulfilled the duties made obligatory upon me by our contract. You entered into this voluntarily. For what you have termed folly, you have only yourself to blame. You seem to have been tempted to your unhappy passion by an inherent love of wrong doing. As to your proposal of flight and concealment, it is simply absurd. In the first place, you have out of view the fact that my fair name would be tarnished by an open separation, the infamy you would hide behind to the general gaze. Secondly, you have no decent place of refuge. I know your brother sufficiently well to affirm that his doors would be closed against you were you to apply to him for shelter as a repudiated wife. And you have no private fortune. I shall never again of my own accord, allude to this disagreeable subject. We understand each other and our mutual position."

He kept his word to the letter. But henceforward his every action and look, when she was by, reminded her she was in bonds, and he was her jailer. Too broken-spirited to resist his will, or to swell at the demands made upon her time and self-denial by his cold imperiousness, she marched at his chariot wheel, a slave in queenly attire, whose dreams were no more of freedom, to whom love meant remorse, and marriage pollution, the more hopeless and hateful that the law and the Gospel pronounced it honorable in all.

(The End.)

A SECRET OF THE SEA.



IN THE year 1849 the Honorable East India company's ship the Star of India set sail from Madras for London, having on board over 200 passengers, and among them Lord Glenham, Gen. Swift, Lady Artwell and other men and women of note at home and abroad. Aside from her general cargo, the ship carried treasure to the amount of \$250,000. The bank at Madras figured out that the passengers must have had at least \$100,000 among them, while an Indian potentate on his way to be received as a guest of royalty had a strong box of jewelry and gems valued at so great a sum that no one dared speak of it. It was rumored that the ship should be conveyed as far as the Cape of Good Hope by a man-of-war, as there were plenty of pirates craft still afloat, but the government vessel met with a mishap at sea and was detained somewhere, and the Star finally decided to sail without her, as there was little fear but that she could take care of herself. Two days out of Madras she was sighted and reported, but that was the last seen or heard of her until the year 1864.

The loss of the Star made a great sensation for several reasons, and when it was finally concluded that she had been lost various vessels were sent in search of her and every effort was made to ascertain her fate. In 1856 a Malay sailor who died aboard of an English sea ship told her captain that the Star was attacked and captured by pirates to the south of Ceylon, and that he was one of the men engaged in the attack. He said there were five native craft, and that they came upon the Star in a calm and carried her by boarding. The ship made a long and stubborn resistance, but was finally captured, and the pirates had suffered such heavy loss that in revenge they killed everybody to the last child. They then looted the ship and scuttled her, and the plunder was subsequently divided on an island in the China sea. Some people believed this story and some said it was absurd. The general opinion was that the Star foundered at sea during a heavy gale. The dying statements of the pirate was never fully investigated for some reason. So far as the investigation went it was proved to be a fact. The pirates had been

island was fairly dry in all parts. We, however, gave the ship all next day to get rid of her water and harden in the hot sun. You are prepared to hear, of course, that she proved to be the long lost Star of India. We found that out before we had been aboard of her a quarter of an hour, and later on we had a dozen reasons for believing that the dying Malay had spoken the truth.

I tell you that ship was a queer sight. Her ocean bed had been hundreds of feet deep and the mud covered everything to the depth of a foot—in some places two or three. Neither one of us had heard of the Star or her loss, but we knew this wreck to be that of an Indianman, and we went at it to clear away the stuff and get into her. We were a full week doing this, and at every turn we came across evidences to prove the story of the Malay. Three or four of her guns were yet in place, and from the way she had been knocked about by cannon shot it was easy to figure that she had made a hard fight and suffered great loss of life before she gave in.

Even before we began work we found the augur holes bored in her bottom to scuttle her. The great cabin and every state room had two feet of mud on the floor, and I may tell you that we worked hard for four weeks before we got the hulk cleaned out. In the mud and among the mold and rot we found rusty muskets, pistols, swords, pieces of jewelry, cutlery, crockery, glassware and what not, but in actual money we found only 5 sovereigns. A part of the cargo had been wool, but we got nothing whatever of value out of it. Indeed, when our work had been finished, we simply had a big hulk resting on land a mile from the beach and were only five gold pieces better off than before. The pirates had swept her clean of treasure, plundering the passengers before murdering them, and we did not find in cabin or state room so much as a single bone of human anatomy. We made the ship our home for six months and were then taken off by a whaler, and our story was the first news received of the long-lost ship. The English government sent a man-of-war to the island to overhaul the hulk, and menaces of her haul long been on exhibition in the British museum. Nothing could be more queer than the way we found her or rather the way she was heaved up by the sea to be discovered. From soundings made to the east of the island in 1867-68 it was estimated that the great ship rose from a depth of over 2,000 feet. Nothing but an earthquake could have lifted her from that depth—nothing but a tidal wave held her up and swept her to our feet.

HERD OF IRISH BULLS.

Some Mixed Metaphors Credited to Some of the Emerald Isle.

A collection of Irish bulls was published recently by a contemporary. Here are some of them, from Household Words: A certain politician, lately condemning the government for its recent policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry." "The glorious work will never be accomplished until the good ship Temperance shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and with a cry of 'Victory' at each step she takes shall plant her banner in every city, town and village in the united kingdom." An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that "if these men were landed on an uninhabited island they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages." Only a few weeks ago a lecturer at a big meeting gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the footprints of an unseen hand." An orator at one of the university unions bore off the palm of merit when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell."

The Price Poster.

Once upon a time a green cat sat under a blue rose-bush devouring a red mouse. This cat did business in the southeast corner of a poster, while at the upper left grew a vague, lavender-faced maiden against a lemon sky. Her hair and eyes were the color of the cat; also the shirt front of the dim-faceted, alizarin-faced youth beside her. The purple grass heatidly drifted about them. In the distance a vermilion sail was cutting a wide swath against a mauve moon.

Something akin to intelligence assured the reflection of the far-faced boy.

"The washing is on the line," he grieved.

The lavender eyelids fell. "Out of the intense, comes—" she hesitated, and the rest was lost in the cream-colored silence.

The cat sped a goblin-blue yowl such as thrive only in Poster Land.

The tragedy was finished. The prize poster was ready for the contest.

I do not know what it means. Neither does the artist.

But those who have gone deeply into the heart of things—who have solved the elusive far-ness of Browning and Beardsley, they—they will understand.—Truth.

Gold in North Carolina.

A poor North Carolina farmer turned up a gold nugget on his farm and has since refused fabulous prices for his lands, which are near Lenoir.

Carrier Pigeons in Medical Practice.

A doctor in the Highlands of Scotland distributes carrier pigeons among his patrons, to be released when his services are needed.

DAILY WORK OF CONGRESS.

Tariff Legislation Occupies the Senate.

FINANCE COMMITTEE UPHELD.

Amendments Offered by Democrats Rejected—Good Progress Being Made on the Bill—Wool Schedule Provokes a Stubborn Contest.

Thursday, June 24.

A stubborn contest over the duties on manufactured woolen goods occupied the attention of the senate. Many amendments were proposed to reduce the rates, but these were rejected by decisive majorities. Less than five pages were disposed of during the day, carrying the senate through paragraph 370, the first of the paragraphs relating to carpets.

Friday, June 25.

The senate completed the wool schedule, the silk schedule and the tobacco schedule of the tariff bill, and with this accomplished the tariff leaders had the satisfaction of knowing that all the schedules of the bill and the free list had been gone over once. There now remains only to go through the bill a second time, passing on the items passed over. The tobacco schedule went through with little friction after the committee had advanced the duty slightly on wrapper and leaf tobacco.

Saturday, June 26.

Saturday, June 26.—An abrupt and startling halt in the tariff debate occurred in the senate when, in the midst of a passionate speech, Senator Pettigrew (silver Rep.) of South Dakota was stricken with paralysis of the vocal cords, which brought his vehement speech to a close with a sentence half uttered. Senator Pettigrew was removed to his home. He rallied rapidly, recovered his voice and was pronounced in no danger.

Monday, June 28.

The senators talked about trusts. The announcement was made that an anti-trust amendment would be reported to the senate. During the debate Mr. Hoar said that while the question of trusts could be dealt with to some extent by striking at their imports as in the law of 1894, yet he felt that the most serious phases of the evil must be dealt with by the states.

SEVEN LIVES LOST.

Fatal Wreck on the Wabash Railroad Near Missouri City, Mo.

Seven lives were lost by Saturday night's wreck on the Wabash road near Missouri City, Mo. A correct list of the dead is as follows: W. S. Mills, postal clerk, St. Louis; O. M. Smith, postal clerk, St. Louis; Charles Winter, postal clerk, St. Louis; F. W. Brink, postal clerk, St. Louis; Edward Grindrob, baggage-master, St. Louis; Charles Greasley, brakeman, St. Louis.

In ordinary weather the creek at which the accident occurred is almost dry. The storm of Saturday night, which was almost a cloudburst, had swollen the little stream to a torrent. The flood carried away a wagon bridge a short distance above the Wabash trestle. The wreck of this bridge was hurled down upon the railroad trestle and carried away a row of wooden supports in the center. The locomotive struck the trestle and passed over, but the tender went through with the wreck. The baggage car and the mail car, which followed, pitched into the stream end first. The smoker, next behind, followed. The chair car next, also plunged in upon the mass of wreckage. The front end of the sleeper, next in the rear, jammed into the protruding end of the chair car, and was thus prevented from following the others into the chasm.

Lives and Property Lost.

The town of Kolomea, in Galicia, has been flooded by the rising of the river Pruth. The bridge between Kolomea and Turka has been swept away. The collapse took place while a train was crossing. Five railway carriages fell in a great heap together, and there is no definite report as to the number of passengers killed.

Col. Tom Ochiltree Ill.

Col. Tom Ochiltree, of Texas, has been dangerously ill at Chamberlain's Hotel in this city for three months. A recent examination disclosed the fact that he was affected with organic disease, and several operations have been performed. It is thought he will recover.

New German Foreign Minister.

It is semi-officially announced that owing to the death of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German emperor has temporarily intrusted the portfolio of minister of foreign affairs to Herr von Bulow.

MEMORIAL MONUMENT FOR MRS. STOWE.



As the result of untiring efforts on the part of the Harriet Beecher Stowe Memorial Monument company a bronze statue to the memory of the great authoress will be erected soon in Hartford, Conn. It was not generally known that a monument was contemplated until the publication of a letter in a February number of the Courant from her son, the Rev. Charles E. Howe, protesting against the erection of a monument by the public. Mr. Howe urged that a scholarship in one of the colleges for colored people throughout the South would be a monument far more in keeping with his mother's character, and that her children would suitably mark the grave at Andover. In reply to this letter the committee maintain-

ed that Mrs. Stowe had outlived private citizenship and the public claimed its right to pay homage as it chose. Although the bill authorizing the appropriation of \$25,000 has not yet been passed the amount is being rapidly collected by subscription. Sculptor Clark W. Noble has finished the plaster model and says the statue will be completed within a few months. It will be of heroic size. The base and pedestal will be of granite. Upon the stone is to rest the bronze figure of Mrs. Stowe seated in a Greek chair, and clad in graceful flowing robes. At the right the suppliant figure of Uncle Tom stretches forth to her his brawny arms, from which hang broken shackles. At the left of the base is a laurel wreath.

Leaves Two Millions to Charity.

The will of the late John B. Curtis of Deering, Me., has been presented for probate. The estate is conservatively estimated at \$2,000,000 and with the exception of small bequests, will ultimately all go to charity. Much of the property is in the west. Mr. Curtis was born in Bradford. That town is generously remembered with a bequest of \$20,000 for a free public library.

Refuse to Secede.

The National Boot and Shoe Workers' union decided not to withdraw from affiliation with the American Federation of Labor, and join the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance.

Will Not Use Machines.

The Kansas state printer-elect has announced that the use of typesetting machines will be abolished in the state printing office with the beginning of his administration on Thursday next.

Maher and Sharkey Matched.

Peter Maher, the heavy-weight champion pugilist of Ireland, and Tom Sharkey, the "sailor lad" of San Francisco, are matched to fight to a finish.

Addressed by American Bishops.

The conference of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was addressed at London by the bishops of Missouri and Kentucky.

Shelbyville, Ind.—Annie Worden Paynter, aged 35 years, after grieving over ill health, shot herself, and is dead.

The Illinois grand lodge of the Order of Honor and Temperance in annual session at Galesburg elected W. F. Tait, Galesburg, grand templar.

Convicts Killed by Lightning. Lightning struck the convict camp at the lumber mills of Greer Bros., near Dakota, Ga. Four convicts were killed and ten others were severely injured, some of whom will die. About twenty of the prisoners escaped.

Three Killed by a Cyclone. A terrific cyclone passed fifteen miles northwest of Salina, Kan., Wednesday. As far as known three persons are dead, and a number dangerously injured.

RAILWAYS AS TAXPAYERS.

Some Statistics Which Make a Favorable Showing.

In a recent memorial before the Kansas legislature it was shown that the Santa Fe railway paid \$800,000 out of an earning of \$1,800,000 in that state in taxes. This is only a typical case. Our railways pay enormous taxes. Relatively speaking, they are taxed higher than any other kind of property. These taxes are steadily increasing, while the earnings per ton per mile and for passenger traffic are as steadily going in the opposite direction. Look at the increase of taxes, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission:

Table with 2 columns: Year and Taxes. 1898: \$25,435,230; 1899: 27,590,394; 1900: 31,207,469; 1901: 33,280,095; 1902: 34,053,495; 1903: 36,514,639; 1904: 38,125,274; 1905: 39,250,000.

Here we have an increase of taxation in seven years of nearly \$14,000,000. On the other hand the transportation yielded over \$150,000,000 less than it would have done had the rate of 1897 been maintained. In the case of the Santa Fe, quoted above, the taxation exacted was 44 per cent of the earnings in the state of Kansas. The taxation of the whole system of the Santa Fe railway is fully 20 per cent of its net earnings; of the Chicago & Alton, 11 per cent, and so on through the whole list. It is impossible to burn the candle at both ends without coming to grief.—Reporter.

A Trying Situation.

"How is it that you are always in debt? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Come, now; don't be too hard on a fellow; you would perhaps be in debt, too, if you were in my place."

"What place?"

"Able to get credit."—Tid-Bits.

Try Grain-O.

Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/4 the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

Delicate Proposal.

She—"Perfectly lovely club, isn't it?" He—"Are you a member?" She—"No; only married women are eligible." He—"Ah! Would you allow me to—make you eligible to membership?"—Pearson's Weekly.

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 today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It never occurs to a boy that he will some day know as little as his father.

Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets. Cures Catarrh, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Don't believe that every one else in the world is happier than you.

Pico's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1898.

Be more prompt to go to a friend in adversity than in prosperity.

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

Some men are like dice—easily rattled, but hard to shake.

McGee's Chamber Laxative with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cough Sore, Ac. C. C. Clark & Co., S. Havana, Ck.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Don't underestimate any thing because you don't possess it.

Dr. Kay's Renovator cures people. Trial size 25c. Read advertisement.

Intelligence is largely knowing what we do not know.

FROM LOWELL, MASS.

The Home of Hood's Sarsaparilla—A Wonderful Cure.

"A swelling as big as a large marble came under my tongue. Physicians said it was a semi-transparent tumor and must be operated upon. I felt I could not stand it, and as spring came began to take my favorite spring tonic, Hood's Sarsaparilla. The bunch gradually decreased and finally disappeared. I have had no sign of its return. I am glad to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. H. M. Coburn, 8 Union St., Lowell, Mass. Get HOOD'S. Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 20c.

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