

A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

Several beggars in Pera own a large amount of property. One well known man has houses worth ten thousand liras, and yet is to be seen begging in filthy rags. A poor governess, who was very charitable, used to give him a piastre twice a week. One day she missed a lira (pound) and thought she must have given it to the beggar by mistake. He had gone home for the day, so she followed him to his house on the Taxime. He received her graciously, looking like a pasha at least in his magnificent robes. "I never like to lose a good client," he said, and sent for his bag of takings. "If there is a lira here we shall find it." Sure enough, the lira was there. "Take it," he continued, and the poor girl, full of thanks, was hurrying away when the beggar stopped her. "Wait a moment; you haven't given me the piastre."

Rev. P. J. Berg, pastor of the Swedish M. E. Church, Des Moines, Ia., on March 4th, 1896 writes: "Last year I was troubled with a bad cough for about five months. I got medicine from my family physician and I tried other remedies without relief. When I first saw Dr. Kay's Lung Balm advertised I thought I would try it and I am glad I did. I bought a box and took a tablet now and then without any regularity and after a few days my great surprise the cough was gone. Ten days ago I had sore throat. I was out of tablets and could not get them in Des Moines, and I sent to the Western office of Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb., for six boxes and as soon as I took it a few times that soreness and hoarseness all passed away in one night. I believe it is also good for sore throat." Dr. Kay's Lung Balm does not cause sickness at the stomach like many remedies and is more effectual than any other we know of. Sold by druggists at 25c or sent by mail, five for \$1.00. Why not send your orders at once and have this valuable medicine on hand? It may save your life, you certainly will need it before spring. A dose in time will save nine, and may save your life. Order now. Address Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., (Western office) Omaha, Neb. Send address for valuable receipt book.

His Ready Answer. The German emperor, while recently inspecting a body of naval recruits, noticed an unusually stalwart man in the ranks, and asked him where he hailed from. The recruit, in broad Bavarian dialect, replied: "From Wiesbach, your majesty." "Did you understand whom I meant," the emperor asked, "in addressing you sailors about the foreign foe?" "Recruit—" "Yes, Russians." "The emperor—" "And enemies at home." "Recruit—" "Prussians, your majesty."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Edison's new telephone, a sample of which he had given to Li Hung Chang, does away with the receiver, and permits a business man to carry on a conversation at a distance of a few feet from the instrument, which is placed against the wall of a room, without leaving his desk or touching the instrument, which works automatically.

The Modern Mother Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

It was once told to a certain king of England that Lord Blank was his poorest subject. "I will test him," said the king, and showed Lord Blank to the carriage, holding the door for him to enter first, which he did. "You are right," said the king, "a lesser person would have troubled me with ceremony."

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Constipation

is a disease which afflicts over 75 per cent. of the American people. It is a dangerous disease because it not only poisons the blood but causes nervous depression, and dulls the intellect. Then follow chronic headache, loss of appetite, slow digestion, nervousness, bad breath, dingy complexion and low spirits. It will eventually bring on liver and kidney disease in some incurable form. But sufferers from this dreaded malady are speedily

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It was October before the family made a formal removal to town. One of the brothers, sometimes both, spent two or three days a week there in September, and, since the uncertain sunshine and cold rains of autumn confined the ladies, for the most part, to the house, they were ready to second the proposition to seek their winter quarters. Edward Withers was regularly installed as one of his brother's household, and under his auspices city life also put on a new face for Constance. He had a box at the opera, and Elmathan was foremost to suggest that Constance should accompany him thither.

"That is, when you are not engaged to escort single ladies," added the senior, with a dry smile. "Which will not happen often if I can have my sister's company instead," replied the other, cordially. "But cannot we make up a family party of four for to-morrow night? I can promise you a treat."

"Musical treats, when they are operatic, are thrown away upon me," was the answer. "But I am anxious that Constance shall keep up her practicing, and, to this end, desire her to have every opportunity of improving her taste and style. You and she can give home concerts of the latest gems in this line for Harriet's benefit and mine."

Harriet applauded the idea to the echo, and was careful that he should not regret the young people's absence on the evenings they spent abroad, playing chess with him for a couple of hours, and then reading aloud monetary or political articles selected by himself until he dropped into a doze. They were left thus to themselves more and more as the season advanced. Invitations to parties, concerts and dinners rained in upon Mrs. and the Messrs. Withers, and to most of these Constance went, attended by Edward only. Mr. Withers had never been social from inclination, and he was only too glad to delegate his duties in this line to his wife, now that the protection of his brother rendered his attendance unnecessary.

Constance did not confess in words to herself how greatly her pleasure was augmented by the exchange of escorts. It was natural that a man of her husband's age and disposition should prefer his own fireside to dancing and small talk, and a wearisome feint of hearkening to harmonies that were unintelligible and without sweetness to him. She enjoyed gay scenes with an easier conscience that she did not see his grave visage at every turn of the waltz or promenade and was not haunted by the thought of her selfishness in having dragged him from his beloved retirement. How much this feeling of relief was intensified by the circumstance that her willing cavalier was the most delightful talker, one of the best dancers, and assuredly the most gracefully attentive to his fair charge in the cordon of beaux who frequented the fashionable resorts just named, did not enter into her complacent calculations. She was on excellent terms with herself and all about her at this juncture. The acquaintances who had carpiped at her reserve and want of animation in the few assemblies at which she had appeared as a bride candidly avowed that nothing could be more charming than her affability and gay humor, and that she was far handsomer than they had supposed at first sight.

The more captious subjoined, subrosa, that it was evident she appreciated (convenient word) Mr. Edward Withers, and how fortunate she was in securing the services of an escort so unexceptionable in every particular, since her husband seemed to have renounced society just as she fairly entered it.

"But," subjoined No. 2, audibly delivered, "people had different ways of looking at these things, and, so long as Mr. Withers lived happily with his wife, and contented her in all that she did, whose business was it to hint at impropriety or misplaced confidence?"

That Mr. Withers did countenance his wife in her lively career was not to be denied. It gratified him to see her, magnificently dressed, go forth to gatherings at which, as he was sure to hear afterward, she was the object of general admiration for her beauty and vivacity. It tickled his vanity to have her do the honors of his mansion to a choice company of Edward's friends and hers—people in whose eyes he, the sedate millionaire, could never hope to be more than the respectful representative of his money bags. They were glad to congregate in his stately salon now, to partake of his fine old wines and excellent viands, and unite in laudations of the handsome woman who bore his name. Adulation did not spoil her, he was pleased to observe. She had never been more deferential in her deportment to himself, more ready to consult and obey him than when the star of her popularity was highest and brightest. In this she testified her good sense and feeling heart. To whom should she be grateful and dutiful if not to her benefactor, the architect of her fortune and happiness? Association with him and with his brother had developed her finely. He took credit to himself for the penetration that had detected the germs of so much that was estimable and attractive when she was still in the obscurity of her brother's house.

"A happy family, a thoroughly well-organized establishment," remarked Charles Romaine to his wife, at the close of a visit they paid his sister in

January. "Constance should be thankful to us all her days for opposing her absurd transcendentalism about congeniality and mutual attraction and the like puerile nonsense. What a wreck she would have made of her happiness had she been left to pursue the course dictated by her own caprices! I hope, Margaret, that we shall not have to combat the like errors in our daughters when they grow up."

"Constance had a fund of strong common sense in spite of her crudely extravagant theories upon certain subjects," rejoined Mrs. Romaine. "Thanks to it, and, as you justly observe, to our counsels, she has married better than any other young woman I know. Yes, I can ask no more enviable lot for our girls than one like hers."

According to these irrefragable authorities, then, our heroine had steered clear of the rock upon which so many of her age and sex have split; kept out of the current that would have stranded her, high and forlorn, upon the barren headlands of celibacy; had, virtuously eschewing "crude" instinct, and heart promptings, and natural laws (fit only, in Mrs. Romaine's creed, for the guidance of beasts, and birds, and other irrational things), rendered just and graceful obedience to the equitable principle prescribed and practiced by the autocrats of the "best circles." These burning and shining beacons cease not, night nor day, to warn off the impetuous young from the rigors and desolation of Scylla, and cast such illusive glare upon Charybdis as makes its seething rapids seem a Pacific of delicious calm.

CHAPTER VII.

UPON as smooth a current were Constance Withers' conscience and prudence rocked to sleep during the early months of that winter. Winter! Never had summer been so replete with light and warmth. There is a divine delight in the slow sweep of the outer circles of the maelstrom; the half-consciousness of the awakening heart, like that of the babe who, aroused from slumber by his mother's voice, smiles recognition of the dear music before his eyes are unsealed by her kisses, or his head is nestled upon her bosom.

That to every human heart such awakening comes, sooner or later, I hold and believe for certain. Deserts of salt and bitterness there are in the spiritual as well as in the material world; but there was a time when the Creator, whose name is Love, pronounced them "very good," when as yet the flood, and the rain of fire and brimstone had not made havoc of all their pleasant things, nor the soft soil been hardened into flint and gravel by dearth and heat. And, to that garden of the Lord's planting there came a day—when or of what duration He knows, and perchance He alone—when the south wind blew softly, and all the spices thereof flowed out—spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes. It may have been but for one glad hour—one moment of bewildering bliss, that the heart thus visited was transformed into a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters and streams from Lebanon. The next may have witnessed the rush of the deluge or the bursting of the pitchy cloud; and behold! in place of Eden, a lair of wild beasts, a house full of doleful creatures, meet for the dwelling of owls and the dance of satyrs.

Other visions than these images of woe and terror abode with Constance; formless fancies, fair as vague; specular reveries in which she lived through coming years as she was doing now, surrounded by the same outward comforts; her steps guarded by the same friend, whose mere presence meant contentment; with whom the interchange of thought and feeling left nothing to be desired from human sympathy. It was a severe shock that showed her the precipice upon the flowery verge of which she lay dreaming.

The brothers were, one morning, discussing at breakfast the merits of a pair of horses that had been offered for sale to the elder. For a wonder Edward displayed more caution in accepting the jockey's declaration of their fitness for family use than did his staid relatives. Mr. Withers was very obstinate in his adherence to what ever principle or prejudice he believed that he had seen cause to adopt, and his eye had been captivated by the showy team; his credulous hearing gained by the adroit tongue of the dealer. All that Edward's dissensions could effect was acquiescence in his proposal that they should try the horses before the sleigh that afternoon, before deciding upon the purchase.

Harriet clapped her hands vivaciously. "And then you'll drive by and give us a turn behind the beauties. I am sure they must be heavenly from what Cousin Elmathan says. I am wild to see them!"

"There is a look in the eye of one that bespeaks the spirit of another region," said Edward, apart to Constance.

"Don't ride after them!" she entreated, quickly. "Your brother will yield if you tell him plainly how unsafe you consider them."

"Not unsafe for him and myself, perhaps; but hardly the creatures to be entrusted with your life and limb," he rejoined. "Rect assured that I shall

make a thorough test of them before consenting to the venture. I shall drive them myself, and speak out freely the result of the trial. In whatever else we may differ, Elmathan and I are a unit in our care for your welfare. So, if we show ourselves and the heavenly span of quadrupeds at the door today, you need not fear to accept our invitation."

The gentle and affectionate reassurance contrasted pleasantly with Mr. Withers' authoritative mandate. "Constance! you will hold yourself in readiness to drive out with us this afternoon. We shall call for you at three o'clock. I wish you and Harriet to be entirely prepared for the ride when we come. Young horses do not like to stand in the cold."

An impulse she did not stay to define drew Constance to the window as the two gentlemen descended the front steps side by side. Mr. Withers was a trifle the taller of the two, but his figure was angular and unbending; Edward's svelte and elegant, while scarcely a trace of family likeness existed between the swarthy visage of the elder, with its deep-set eyes, long upper lip, and high, narrow forehead, and the lively glance, clear complexion, and spirited mouth that made Edward's physiognomy a goodly sight to more eyes than those that met the parting smile he cast up at the parlor window when he gained the pavement, whereas Mr. Withers stalked solemnly on, apparently forgetful already that he had a home and wife, now that his face was set office-ward.

"Shadow and sunshine!" reflected the gazer. "And they are not more unlike in countenance than in disposition, aims and conduct—as dissimilar as two upright men can be."

Harriet's shallow treble sounded at her elbow like a repetition of the last thought. "No one would ever take them to be relatives," she said. "Yet each is excellent in his way. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," answered Constance, moving away.

"Only their ways are so different!" persisted the cousin. "I like Elmathan best, of course, but Edward is the more popular man of the two, I believe—isn't he?"

"I really do not know!" Constance left the room uttering the falsehood.

Harriet had a trick of making her intensely uncomfortable whenever the talk between them turned upon the brothers.

"I hate comparisons!" she said to herself, when she reached her room. "And it is forward and indelicate in her to institute them in my hearing."

Convinced that the sudden heat warming her heart and cheeks was excited by Harriet's impertinence, she made it her business to stop thinking of the conversation and its origin so soon as she could dismiss it and turn her attention to pleasanter things. It was more innocent and agreeable work; for instance, to write out Edward's part of a new duet upon a fair sheet of paper which he could hold in his hand as he stood by her at the piano, the printed copy being so blurred as to try his eyes. He was very slightly near-sighted, although a casual acquaintance would not have suspected it. She copied music legibly and rapidly, and lately had hit upon this happy device of making him some poor return for the manifold services he had rendered her. "All that I can do leaves me deplorably in his debt," she reasoned. "I never knew what was the fullness and disinterestedness of a brother's love until I met him. But all brothers are not so considerate or devoted as is he. I should understand that."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Was Indeed Absent-Minded. Judge Hawley of the United States circuit court related recently from the bench a good story at the expense of a distinguished lawyer and United States senator, whose name was not mentioned. This prominent member of the bar was very absent-minded at times. One morning he was on his way to court in a great hurry, and happening to overtake a friend, remarked: "I dressed in such haste this morning that I forgot my watch." A little further on he said: "I wonder if I have time to go back and get it," and as he spoke he pulled out his watch from his pocket. "No, I have not time," he concluded, after consulting the dial, and he walked on. Nearing the court house he hired a messenger to go for the watch, paying him a dollar for the service. The messenger returned with the information that the timepiece could not be found, whereupon the lawyer exclaimed, looking up from his books and papers: "That is very strange!" Then he took a swift glance at his watch and said: "It makes no difference, anyhow. I can do without it. The judge is late and there is plenty of time." And he paid the messenger another dollar.

Paris Policemen Clubs. Policemen in Paris now carry clubs, beautifully decorated. They are pure white, with yellow handles. Around the middle is painted a double blue ribbon, with the city arms at the point where the ends of the ribbon cross. The white color will be more easily noticed than any other by coachmen, the sticks being held like conductor's batons by the policemen in the middle of the street, to direct travel to the right or left or to stop it when needed.

Of Course Not. Watts—"That is a pretty good story you tell, but it won't work." Weary Watkins—"Course it won't. D'you s'pose I'd be travelin' around with it if it did?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Difference of Opinion. Ted—"What's the name of that suburb Tom moved to?" Ned—"The people who live there say it is Paradise Park, while everybody else calls it the jumping-off place."

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