INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)
It was early in March when Constance perceived, or fancied she perceived, s. marked alteration in the demeanor of mence," he continued, taking the hand her brother-in-law. He was not less that lay upon her lap. "I feared lest 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 flimsy 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 the thought that the error was mutual awoke raptures, the remembrance of the suffering he must also taste had not the power to still? Was the salve to her selfrespect 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 mien, 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'm?"

"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 ex-

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

CHAPTER XI.



IS rapid articulation had given Constance no time for reply, but her excitement equaled his, as she bent her veiled face upon her hands and listened in dumb alarm at the emotions rising to meet his avowal of love

his heart ached at thought of the woe

in store for her nominal possesser. "I have startled you by my vehethis 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 her 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 tegging 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. Hir 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 poer Evelyn, my gentie 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 impet uous gesture. "You are talking wild-ly-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? Whose, then, was the fatal mistake which had opened the sluices of that other fountain that was drowning 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 mp. . 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. and the others deemed considerately 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 To her, what would have sounded in- him in conversation about his voycoherent to a third person, was explicit age and destination. The atmosphere and fervent. He knew her as his mate, and would not give her up; asserted his moved, smiled and talked mechanically, rights with a master's authority, while it mattered nothing now that the pen- to her mother's funeral.

etrating eyes she most dreaded never left their resting-place upon the visage of which they were taking a long farewell. There was little 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 taker alarm at these increasing symptoms of distress and the livid hue settling up on 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 or the sofa.

The utmost confusion reigned in the saloon for a few moments-exclamainquiries 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 sparm passed into a swoon to deathly and protracted that Constance was ready to believe the pa tient 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 clinch, the lipwere 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 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 espy.

Constance did as he bade her-re sumed 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 Elnathan'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 meas urements 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 of ficials 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 bicycle runs easily on the sand of the African deserts, and in due time the camel will follow the horse into obli-

Died at Her Mother's Funeral. Mrs. Belle Elliott, of Winamac, Ind. died in a carriage which had just reached her home after bearing her

A TERRIBLE SAIL.

Two Thousand Miles in Open Boats in the Pacific.

On September 29, 1802, a native fisherman off Nanawalla, Hawaii, saw out at sea what he thought to be a drifting log, but on approaching it found it to be a ship's lifeboat. Lying in the bottom of the boat were twelve men so weak as to be unable to speak, with their tongues swollen and black, protruding from their mouths.

Their eyes were sunken and glassy, and they all, though conscious, seemed as if demented. They were unable to move or give any account of themselves until brought to shore by the natives. The story of their voyage, as told by the mate, is one of horrible suffering. He said that when they left the scene of the wreck of their ship, the Campbell, from Port Townsend, Washington, he calculated that Hilo was about 2,300 miles away, and that with care and short rations they could make the land safely. All went well for a time, the lifeboat making, according to his estimate, about 100 miles for each twenty-four hours. The water gave out, however, some days before they were found, and the scene became a terrible one.

He and one of the sailors alone retained their senses. The rest became madmen, and at the last were fighting, shricking, tearing their hair and clothes, and raving generally. The two managed, however, to keep them from either jumping overboard or drinking the salt water until they became too weak to do so.

Finally he and the sailor also gave out, and for two days and nights the boat drifted in a calm sea without any effort to guide or propel her. A friendly current carried them inshore, or they would have all died in the

A Novelty in Portieres.

An agreeable change in the conventional portiere is to have for a door that is not constantly used a set of hangings, consisting of two side curtains and a deep valance, the former hung upon rods, so that they may be opened, if need be, but which are for the most part kept closed. These should be of some peavy material, of which there is a wide choice, running up and down the scale of cost. Among the more expensive fabrics velvets or some one of the thick, plain-surfaced goods of the broadcloth order may be satifactorily used. -New York World.

Mechanical irritation of the papillae is thought by Schaal (Archiv fur Derm. u. Syph., Bd. xxxv., H. 2) to be the cause of warty growths. In his own person, spiculea of glass seemed to lead to increased formation of epidermic cells and the development of warts. The exposed surfaces being those on which warts habitually develop would lend weight to this theory. The deli-cate tissues of childhood also favor easy penetration of foreign bodies.

An Aged Codfish.

The goldfish is not as tender an animal as is imagined, for in handling and moving them from one pond to another they are dipped in nets and carried about in baskets, much like corn or po-tatoes. Sometimes they are out of the water thirty minutes, and seldom is it that they are injured. How long they will live depends altogether on their treatment. In the government aqua-riam at Washington is a gold fish that is known to be fifty years of age, and it is not perceptibly larger than when first placed there. There is said to be in the Royal Aquarium at Rome, Italy, a fish that is more than 100 years. Its color is the same, except a slight change with the seasons. - Indianapolis Journal.

To Pay a Penalty for Dining

To Pay a Penalty for Dining
Is rather hard, isn't it? Yet how many are
compelled to do this after every meal. Dyspepsia, that inexorable persecutor, never
ceases to torment of its own volition, and
rarely yields to ordinary medication. But
tranquility of the stomach is in store for
those who pursue a course of Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters. This fine corrective also
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rheumatism, constipation, biliousness and
nervousness

Consolation. Mrs. Westside-So your husband is troubled with insomnia? How terrible!

Mrs. Eastside-Oh, yes; still he says he has much to be thankful for. Mrs. W.-Yes?

Mrs. E .- He often shudders when he thinks how fortunate it is that it's him instead of the twins .- Buffalo Times. TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

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"It is not often that we commend in these columns anything of a medicin-al character, but our Chicago representative has had personal access to the correspondence of this Company, and has seen some of the many thousands of genuine testimonials and letters they receive daily, and assure us that the cures affected by this remedy border on the marvelous,-Chicago Opinion.

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-Adams Freeman.

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"Then I'll take two and save all my money," sweetly smiled the newly married shoppe. - Detroit Free Press.

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THE AMONG



PROF. ABBOTT. M. B. BRADY.

The year just closed has furnished an alarming array of prominent men who have died of Bright's disease of the kid-

COL. T. W. KNOX. suffering with it to-day, and yet do not |

realize this serious fact.

There are men and women in every por tion of America who feel out of sorts,

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