

A BARTERED LIFE.

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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 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 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 fervently, 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.

"Join," 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 she 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.

Her 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 rising 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

estrating 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 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 or 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 deeply 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 quit 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 unlocked 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 thrub 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 espy.

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 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 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.

West 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.

Wheels in the Boxes.

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

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 to her mother's funeral.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A CAVALRY CHARGE," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: Kings, 2:18-23—"I Will Deliver Thee Two Thousand Riders If Thou Be Able on Thy Part to Set Riders Upon Them."



U P by the water-works, the upper reservoir of Jerusalem, the general of the besieging army and the generals of besieged Jerusalem are in consultation. Though General Rab-shakeh had been largely paid to stop the siege, he kept the money and continued the siege—the military miscreant! Rab-shakeh derides the capacity of the city to defend itself, and practically says, "You have not two thousand men who can manage horses. Produce two thousand cavalrymen, and I will give you a present of two thousand cavalry horses. You have not in all your besieged city of Jerusalem two thousand men who can mount them, and by bit and bridle control a horse."

Rab-shakeh realized that it is easier to find horses than skillful riders, and hence he makes the challenge of the text, "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Rab-shakeh, like many another bad man, said a very suggestive thing. The world is full of great energies and great opportunities, but few know how to bridle them and mount them and manage them. More spirited horses than competent riders! The fact is that in the church of God we have plenty of fortresses well manned, and plenty of heavy artillery, and plenty of solid columns of brave Christian soldiery, but what we most need is cavalry—mounted troops of God—for sudden charge that seems almost desperate. If Washington, if New York, if London are ever taken for God, it will not be by slow bombardment of argumentation, or by regular unlimbering of great theological guns from the port-holes of the churches, but by gallop of sudden assault and rush of holy energy that will astound and throw into panic the long lines of drilled opposition, armed to the teeth. Nothing so scares the forces of sin as a revival that comes, they know not whence, to do that which they cannot tell, to work in a way that they cannot understand. They will be overcome by flank movement. The church of God must double up their right or left wing. If they expect us from the north, we will take them from the south. If they expect us at twelve o'clock at noon, we will come upon them at twelve o'clock at night. The opportunities for this assault are great and numerous, but where are the men? "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The opportunities of saving America and saving the entire planet were never so many, never so urgent, never so tremendous as now. Have you not noticed the willingness of the printing press of the country to give the subject of evangelism full swing in column after column? Such work was formerly confined to tract distribution and religious journalism. Now the morning and evening newspapers, by hundreds and thousands of copies, print all religious intelligence and print most awakening discourses. Never since the world has stood as such a force been offered to all engaged in the world's evangelization. Of the more than fifteen thousand newspapers on this continent, I do not know one that is not alert to catch and distribute all matters of religious information. Oh, now I see a mighty suggestiveness in the fact that the first book of any importance that was ever published, after Johann Gutenberg invented the art of printing, was the Bible. Well might that poor man toil on, polishing stones and manufacturing looking-glasses, and making experiments that brought upon him the charge of insanity, and borrowing money, now from Martin Brether and now from Johann Faust, until he set on foot the mightiest power for the evangelization of the world. The statue in bronze which Thorwaldsen erected for Gutenberg in 1837, and the statue commemorating him by David D'Angers in 1849, and unveiled amid all the pomp that military processions and German bands of best music could give the occasion, were insignificant compared with the fact, to be demonstrated before all earth and all heaven, that Johann Gutenberg, under God, inaugurated forces which will yet accomplish the world's redemption. The newspaper press will yet announce nations born in a day. The newspaper press will report Christ's sermons yet to be delivered, and describe his personal appearance, if, as some think, he shall come again to reign on earth. The newspaper press may yet publish Christ's proclamation of the world's emancipation from sin and sorrow and death. Tens of thousands of hands in this and other lands have been ordained by the laying on of hands to preach the Gospel, but it seems to me that just now, by the laying on of the hands of the Lord God Almighty, the newspaper presses are being ordained for preaching the Gospel with wider sweep and mightier resound than we have ever yet imagined. The iron horses of the printing press are all ready for the battle, but where are the men good enough and strong enough to mount and guide them? "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Go out to the Soldiers' Home and talk with the men who have been in the wars, and they will give you the right appreciation of what is the importance of the cavalry service in battle. You hear the clatter of the hoofs and the whirr of the arrows and the clash of the shields and the bang of the

carbines as they ride up and down the centuries. Clear back in time, Oxy-mandyas led twenty thousand mounted troops in Bactriana. Josephus says that when the Israelites escaped from Egypt, fifty thousand cavalrymen rode through the parted Red Sea. Three hundred and seventy-one years before Christ, Epaminondas headed his troops at full gallop. Alexander, on a horse that no other man could ride, led his mounted troops. Seven thousand horsemen decided the struggle at Arbela. Although saddles were not invented until the time of Constantine,

and stirrups were unknown until about four hundred and fifty years after Christ, you hear the neighing and snorting of war-chargers in the greatest battles of the ages. Austerlitz, and Marengo, and Solferino were decided by the cavalry. The mounted Cossacks reinforced the Russian snow storms in the obliteration of the French army. Napoleon said if he had only had sufficient cavalry at Bautzen and Lutzen his wars would have triumphantly ended. I do not wonder that the Duke of Wellington had his old war horse, Copenhagen, turned out in best pasture, and that the Duchess of Wellington wore a bracelet of Copenhagen's

hair. Not one drop of my blood but tingles as I look at the arched neck and pawing hoof and panting nostril of Job's cavalry horse: "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley: he goeth on to meet the armed men. The quiver rattlieth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

Standing as I do, in this National Capital, let me say that what we want in the Senate and House of Representatives and the Supreme Court is a pentecostal blessing that will shake the continent with divine mercy. There recently came into my hands the records of two Congressional prayer-meetings, on the rolls of which were the names of the most eminent Senators and Representatives who then controlled the destinies of this republic—the one Congressional prayer-meeting in 1857, and the other in 1866. The record is in the hand-writing of the philanthropist, William E. Dodge, then a member of Congress. There are now more Christian men in the National Legislature than ever before. Why will they not band together in a religious movement which before the inauguration of the next President, shall enthroned Christ in the hearts of this nation? They have the brain, they have the eloquence, they have the influence. God grant them the grace sufficient! Who in Congressional circles will establish the Capitoline prayer-meeting in 1897? Let the evening of the last decade of this century be irradiated with such a religious splendor. There are the opportunities for a national and international charge, all bridled and saddled. Where are the riders to mount them?

Here also are opportunities all ready for those who would enter the kingdom of God. Christ said that the kingdom of heaven was to be taken by violence. By one flash you may enter. Quicker than any equestrian ever dashed through castle gate you may pass into the pardon and hope of the Gospel. As quickly as you can think "Yes" or "No," as quickly as you can make a choice, so quickly may you decide the question of eternal destiny. No one was ever slowly converted. He may have been thinking about it forty years, but not one inch of progress did he make until the moment of assent, the very second in which he said "I will." That instant decided all. Bring out the worst two thousand men in all the earth, and here are two thousand opportunities of immediate and eternal salvation. "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The cavalry suggests speed. When once the reins are gathered into the hands of the soldierly horseman, and the spurs are struck into the flanks, you hear the rattaplan of the hoofs. "Velocity" is the word that describes the movement—acceleration, momentum—and what we want in getting into the kingdom of God is celerity. You see the years are so swift, and the days are so swift, and the hours are so swift, and the minutes are so swift, we need to be swift. For lack of this appropriate speed many do not get into heaven at all. Here we are in the last Sabbath of the year. Did you ever know a twelfth-month quicker to be gone? The golden rod of one autumn speaks to the golden rod of the next autumn, and the crocus of one springtime to the crocus of another springtime, and the snowbanks of adjoining years almost reach each other in unbroken curve. We are in too much hurry about most things. Business men in too much hurry rush into speculations that ruin them and ruin others. People move from place to place in too great haste and they wear out their nerves, and weaken the heart's action. But the only thing in which they are afraid of being too hasty is the matter of the soul's salvation. Yet did any one ever get damaged by too quick repentance or too quick pardon or too quick emancipation? The Bible recommends deliberation, deliberation, and deliberation in some things, as when it enjoins us to be slow to speak, and slow to wrath, and slow to do evil, but it tells us, "The King's business requireth haste," and that our days are as the flight of a weaver's shuttle, and ejaculates, "Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee: neither stay thou in all the plain." Other cavalry troops may fall back, but mounted years never retreat. They are always going ahead, not on an easy canter, but at full run. Other regiments hear the command of "Halt," and pitch their tents for the night. The regiments of the years never hear the command of "Halt" and never pitch tent for the night.

Oh, my friends, if all right for the next world, the years cannot gallop past so rapidly. If it were possible for the centuries to take the speed of the years, and the years the speed of the days, and the days the speed of the hours, they could do us no harm. The shorter our life the longer our heaven. The sooner we get out of the perils of this life, if our work be done, the better. No man is safe till he is dead. Better men than we have been wrecked, and at all ages. Lord and Lady Napier were on horseback on a road in India. Lord Napier suddenly said to Lady Napier, "Ride on and fetch assistance, and do not ask me why." She sped on and was soon out of sight. The fact was a tiger's eyes glared on them from the thicket, and he did not dare to tell her, lest, affrighted, she fall in the danger and perhaps lose her life. From all sides of us, on this road of life, there are perils glaring on us, from tigers of temptation, and tigers of accident, and tigers of death, and the sooner we get out of the perils of this life the better. Let 1897 take the place of 1896, and 1898 the place of 1897, and our souls will be landed where there shall be "nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount." "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness;

The Struggling Young Author.

"About six weeks ago," said the struggling young author, "I sold an article, the first I ever sold. Instead of having the manuscript returned I got a check. It was only a little article, and the check was not for an enormous amount, but you can scarcely imagine the delight it gave me, or you may have had the same experience yourself."

"Then, of course, I wanted to see my first article in print. The next succeeding number of the publication appeared in about three days. Of course I knew that there wasn't one chance in a thousand that my article would be in that, but I bought it just the same. I didn't mean to take any chances at all. It was not there, but as I hadn't expected it I wasn't disappointed. I did expect to see it in the next week's number, but it didn't appear there. Then I thought surely it would be in the next week, but it wasn't, and it hasn't appeared yet."

"Maybe they're holding it for the Christmas number, or the midwinter number, or the midsummer, or the Fourth of July number next year, or possibly for the grand centennial number in 1900. I don't know, but I think I'd have liked it better if they'd printed it right away!"—Ex.

A New Leg.

A European experimenter has produced an artificial leg. It is nearly resembles a human member as any that can be devised. This artificial leg is a curious contrivance of hinges, screws and elastic bands. Extending downward from about what in the human leg is the ankle, to a point midway between the heel and the instep, are two steel rods, placed one in front of the other. One rests on a sort of roller hinge, and allows the foot to give or bend with each step. The other serves the purpose of bringing the foot back into place after the step is taken. Any lateral movement of these rods is prevented by the sides of the slot through which they move. A screw and a nut at the top of the rod also prevent the rod from turning, and thus giving trouble in walking. An artificial heel tendon is placed within the foot, behind the ankle joint, and extends loosely through a hole in the leg, where it connects with a nut at about midway of the limb.

Sea Monster.

A strange sea monster was recently met with by the good bark Longana as she was drifting about in the vicinity of the Santa Cruz group. It was a gruesome beast, very like a whale at its netter end. Its body was 30 feet long and 11 feet wide, dark in color and spotted with white, with a head containing a mouth large enough to take in twelve men. Alarmed at the advances of the beast, the crew had recourse to a Winchester rifle. But the monster was invulnerable in the body. Its weak spot was the head. After two wasted shots a third was skillfully planted in the skull, and with one sweep of the tail the monster disappeared.

LINCOLN'S VIEW OF THE MOON.

Couldn't Understand Why the Moon Looked Uplike Down.

From 1862 to 1866 Professor Asaph Hall worked on the nine-and-a-half-inch equatorial at the naval observatory under James Ferguson, making observations and reducing his work. One night, while he was working alone in the dome, the trap door by which it was entered from below opened and a tall, thin figure, crowned by a stovepipe hat arose in the darkness. It turned out to be President Lincoln. He had come up from the White house with Secretary Stanton. He wanted to take a look at the heavens through the telescope. Professor Hall showed him the various objects of interest, and finally turned the telescope on the half moon. The president looked at it a little while and went away. A few nights later the trapdoor opened again, and the same figure appeared. He told Professor Hall that after leaving the observatory he had looked at the moon, and it was wrong side up as he had seen it through the telescope. He was puzzled and wanted to know the cause, so he had walked up from the White house alone. Professor Hall explained to him how the lens of a telescope gives an inverted image, and President Lincoln went away satisfied.