

A BARTERED LIFE.

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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 farce 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 leave out of view the fact that my fair name would be tarnished by an open separation, the infamy you would hide be laid bare 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 cavil 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 her two daughters, 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 bankers 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 intended that the ship should be conveyed as far as the Cape of Good Hope by a man-of-war, as there were plenty of pirate 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 tea 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 idea was that the Star foundered at sea during a heavy gale. The story of the pirates was never fully investigated for some reason. So far as the investigation went it was proved to be a fact. The pirates had long

been scattered, many were doubtless dead, and the idea of bringing the gang to justice was given up as impossible.

In the year 1863 I was one of the crew of the English brig Swiftsure, which was making a survey of the islands to the northeast of Madagascar. At the Chagos group, as we were pulling into land one day, with seven men in the boat, we were upset in the surf and only two of us escaped death. My companion was a sailor named Wallace and while in a half drowned state we were swept along the coast of the island by a current and finally thrown on shore in a bit of a cove. A boat put off from the brig as soon as the disaster was noticed, but only two bodies were recovered. The three others were pulled down by the sharks before the boat got to them. Believing this to have been the sad fate of all five no search was made for the pair of us cast ashore, and after we had recovered from our exhaustion and prepared a signal the brig had departed for another field. The island on which we were cast is one of a group of nine and the innermost one of all. It is likely the same today as then, having plenty of fresh water most of it covered with verdure and wild fruits, shrimps and shellfish so plentiful that a shipwrecked crew of twenty men could get along there for months. Wallace and I were inclined to look upon the affair as a lark. We erected a hut in the woods, procured fire by rubbing two dry sticks together and after a thorough exploration of our domain, which was not over two miles across in any direction, we slept, ate and talked and had a pretty easy time of it.

We had been on the island about three months when we awoke one morning to find the sea like a sheet of glass and the air as still as death. The sky was overcast, and yet of a copper color, and the birds on the island appeared to be in great alarm. Great flocks of them came in from the sea, and all along shore the fish were leaping out of the water as if it were polluted. After surveying things for a while Wallace gave it as his opinion that we were in for a typhoon or an earthquake. The sulphury smell in the air inclined him to the latter, and as soon as we had eaten we started for the center of the island. There was a high hill in the center, bare of everything but a couple of trees and a few bushes, and we sought it on account of the tidal wave we knew would surely follow an earthquake.

There was more than one shock, but the first was the most violent and lasted longest. The three or four which succeeded were thrills rather than shocks. They ran through the island from east to west and out to sea, and we heard a chorus of what may be called the shrieks of distress from the birds with each vibration. Two or three minutes after the fourth or fifth shock Wallace stood up and looked out upon the sea to the east and shouted to me:

"Look! Look! The tidal wave is coming in and there's a big ship on the crest of it."

I sprang up and followed his gaze. Ten miles away there was a wall of water which seemed to lift its great white crest almost to the sky and to reach north and south as far as I could see. Riding on the crest was a great ship, with her three masts standing erect and some of the yards across. For the first ten seconds the wall seemed to stand still. Then it came rolling on like a railroad train, and almost before I could have counted twenty it struck the shore of our island and swept across it. The island was a good thirty feet above water in every part, while on the hill we were at least 100, but all portions save the hill were covered by at least ten feet. I had my eye on the ship alone. It came straight for the hill, but as the wave divided it was swept to the left and struck the earth and was turned full about. While it hung there the waters passed on, and, lo! at our feet, resting almost on a level keel, was as strange a sight as the eyes of a sailor ever beheld. It was a ship, to be sure, but one had to rub his eyes and look again and again to be certain of it. There was the great hull—there the three masts, up aloft the yards, and there were scores of ropes trailing about like slimy serpents. From stem to stern and from keel to masthead the fabric was covered with mud and slime and barnacle and sea grass and shells and as she rested there the water poured off her decks and out of her hold in such a sobbing, choking way as to bring the shivers. Not a word had passed between the pair of us while the wave raced in and across the island, and the ground below us was clear of the last water before Wallace said:

"I think this ends it, and let us thank God! This ship was heaved up from the bottom of the sea, where she must have rested for a good many years, but we'll have to wait a day or two before we investigate."

After a couple of hours, to let the ground dry out a bit, we descended the hill to see what damage had been done. About one-half the trees on the island had been uprooted and carried out to sea, and of our lot, not a vestige remained. There was scarcely a stone as large as a hen's egg on the island previous to the wave, but now we found that hundreds of rocks had been distributed around, while the dead fish were so numerous that we were hours in gathering them up and giving them to the tide to bear away. Two hours after the last shock the sky cleared, the sun came out, and by night the

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 auger 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 mementoes of her have 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 Sons 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 denouncing 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 trade 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 forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell."

The Prize 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 dmf-featured, alizarin-faced youth beside her. The purple grass hesitated driftily about them. In the distance a vermilion sail was cutting a wide swath against a mauve moon.

Something akin to intelligence azured 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 yewid 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 farness of Browning and Beardsley, they—they will understand.—Truth.

Gold in South 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 patients, to be released when his services are needed.

CRISTO NOT IN IT.

HOOLEY DISCOUNTS ANY MONEYMAKER EVER KNOWN.

Ten Million Dollars Made in a Year—Something About His Business Methods—Owns Sheep, Horses, Cattle, Estates, and Yachts.



ENGLAND has a new millionaire, Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, and his methods of making money are so unique and original that all England is sitting up to watch him. The most remarkable fact about Mr. Hooley's operations—he is a promoter—is that he doesn't swindle. He buys a big concern for \$10,000,000 or so and announces that he is going to make a good thing out of it. Then he sells it for \$20,000,000 and smiles at the awed faces of his circle of admirers. He first attracted public attention less than a year ago, when he floated a pneumatic tire company and made \$10,000,000 out of the deal. Making that amount of money in a year has not astonished him in the least and people are wondering where he will end. In his short career he has bought up every landed estate offered for sale that he could lay hands on, is a breeder of horses and cattle and owns three yachts. There is nothing on earth he wants to buy that he doesn't get. When in London he occupies the whole first floor of a leading hotel, paying \$1,000 a week, and his rooms are crowded with promoters, capitalists and inventors, all anxious to help him make money or make it themselves. Mr. Hooley poses as a country gentleman and professes to dislike the city, saying if it were not for his business affairs he would never come to town. He says he is the largest sheep farmer in England and knows each of his 300-odd horsemen by sight. He has told how he became rich, and his story is interesting. Said Mr. Hooley:

"I cannot say that I was ever what you would call a poor man. Some people, I know, have an idea that I was one month in a back street and the next in a palace. That is altogether wrong. I came from a family of Nottingham lace manufacturers and when I was 22 my mother left me \$175,000. Since then I have lived at the rate of not less than \$15,000 a year, which could hardly be called poverty. I started in business as a stock broker in Nottingham and for some time made \$100,000 a year. As stock broker I got into touch with a large connection of very rich people. I secured their confidence and they have been the great actors in the success of the big schemes I have since carried through. When I issue a company I do not rely altogether on the outside public. My own circle controls between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000 and its support insures a thing going. It is a fact of which I make no secret that these friends get a share of my profits."

"While in Nottingham I had to do with the initial steps of starting some companies and I saw that the promoters made great profits. I asked myself why I should not do this work. Then a friend brought to my notice some bicycle shares, which at that time were despised at 5%. I looked into them, was satisfied that they had a future and bought largely until the shares went up to 24%. Then I reconstructed the company, making \$1,825,000 out of the deal. Other cycling schemes followed, the biggest being a tire deal. I bought the tire stocks outright for \$15,000,000 and sold them to the present company for \$25,000,000, and now they are worth \$35,000,000."

"On what principles do you go in financing?" asked the interviewer.

"In the first place, I have no secrets; if I had I should want a staff of 200 clerks to keep my books. I have never yet been able to keep a secret and never will. I say that the promoter is as much entitled to his profit and his money is as honestly earned as that of any other man. When a farmer buys a cow of me, cuts it up and resells it at a higher rate than he bought, he is entitled to make what he can; so am I when I buy and sell a company. I buy, say, for two millions and sell it for two and a half, and I tell the public straight out that I am going to make something for myself out of the deal. I make it an absolute rule only to take up one concern at a time and never to leave it till it is really on its legs. I am able to point back to all the things I have been associated with and say that there is not one of them but today is in a healthy state."

A Grave Duty.

Says the editor of the Billville Banner: "We leave for conference tomorrow to report on the minister's salary. During the year he got one black beaver, one pound party and 40 cents in change. Our duty is to ascertain how much of the latter should go to the heathen abroad."

Leading Iron-Producing States.

Until 1770 the greater part of the iron manufactured in the American colonies was produced in Massachusetts; in 1770 Pennsylvania became the leading iron-producing state and maintained the supremacy until 1850, after which time the lead was taken by Michigan.

Changed Her Luck.

A Wisconsin girl recently refused to marry C. F. Luckaschinski of Oshkosh unless he amputated all of his name except the "Luck." This he did, by permission of the county court.

SPURIOUS SEALSKINS.

Made of Tame French Rabbit Pelts That Deceive the Very Elect.

There was no mistaking the old plush imitation sealskin, and many who could not afford the real declined the counterfeit; but it is stated that among the coming winter's fashions will be skins so cleverly dressed to imitate the covering of the seal that detection will be possible only to the expert, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. It is expected that this innovation will be one of the most remarkable developments the fur trade has ever known. The new fur is called "electric seal," and consists of the skin of the ordinary French tame rabbit electrically treated. The process involves a careful first dressing to obtain softness and pliability, the coat afterward passing under a machine of extraordinary delicacy, which catches and shears down the stronger and coarser hairs, giving at the same time a softness and "flow" to what is left. The dyeing is skillfully managed to give artificial gradations of golden brown under the surface. The final stage of manipulation before the skins go to the manufacturer is reached through the operation of a really marvelous electrical mechanism which removes any undesirable stiff hairs that might have been left by the first machine. Unfortunately, experiments which have been made with both the common wild rabbit and the imported Australian skins have been attended with scant success, and only the fur of the domestic variety appears to be available for the process. The idea is not new. It has been considered for many years, but it is only through recent modifications and improvements in mechanism rendered possible by electricity that it has become a factor to be seriously reckoned with in the wholesale fur business.

HER NEME NEVER PRINTED.

Because She Is Not Personally Known to the Reporters.

It looks as though social notoriety is not to be the fate of one Washington woman whose name for some inscrutable reason for the last half-dozen years has been omitted from all published accounts of gatherings in which she has taken part, says the Washington Post. An overmastering curiosity finally prompted her to institute an investigation into the matter. She then found out, so far from the omission having been intentional on the part of the correspondents, it arose from the fact that she was personally unknown even by sight to them. Having satisfied herself on this score, the incognito shortly afterward ordered her carriage and, calling for a friend, took her for a drive. The little excursion, planned for pleasure, had a most disastrous termination, as the horses, taking fright, ran away, and, getting beyond the control of the coachman, the vehicle was overturned and both ladies injured, the owner of the carriage quite seriously. In the midst of her pain as she was being carried home there flashed through her mind the thought that the runaway would be given space in the newspapers. Then, as the turnout was her property, her name would of necessity figure in the account. The following morning a detailed account of the accident appeared in the paper, but by a strange fatality that has for so long ruled her elimination from print, her name was not mentioned. That of her companion was several times repeated in the article, which wound up by stating that "a friend who was in the carriage at the time was also injured."

Christmas Had No Tears.

And it came to pass, says the Baltimore News, that the meek-eyed youth looked upon the glorious girl while her cheeks were red and he spoke unto her, saying: "Fairest creature upon earth, wilt thou be my beauteous bride?" And the glorious girl made swift answer, saying: "Not, O Reginald! not until you have given me positive proof that you love me!" And the face of the glorious girl was even as the wild lily of the untrodden forest for coyness, but her voice was like unto the tax collector's for firmness. And the meek-eyed youth looked him far away into the henceforth, for a great fear was with him, and in his wailing woe he was fain to end it all. And it came to pass that in that darkest moment a great light dawned upon him and he spoke unto the glorious girl, saying: "Lest, peradventure, thou misunderstand me, again do I say, be my beauteous bride. As for proof that I love thee, fair one, let me draw your attention to the fact that Christmas is scarce two weeks hence—dost want more proof?" And straightaway the glorious girl nestled close to his more or less manly breast, and even as she nestled, she spake, saying: "Thou art indeed brave. Most men would have waited till after Christmas, but you—ouch! You mustn't muss my hair, dear!"

Vanished Mountains.

It has been observed that in the neighborhood of great ranges of mountains the force of gravity is slighter than elsewhere, and the explanation suggested is that the crust of the earth is less dense beneath the places where it has thus been heaved up. Assuming this to be a general law, M. Collet, of the University of Grenoble, points out that it is possible to discover where ancient mountains now worn away and leveled by the action of the elements, once existed, because the density of the underlying rocks has not changed. France, M. Collet thinks, possessed one of these vanished ranges, possessed along the parallel of Bordeaux, for on that line there is a lessening of the force of gravity. A similar phenomenon occurs on the plains of southern Russia.

WAS TURNING WHITE.

Strange Case of a Kansas City Negress, Whose Skin Changed Colors.

A negress who has gradually been turning white and who excited the wonder of the medical profession has just died at the Jackson county poor farm, near Kansas City. Her name was Jane Plase, but she was commonly called "Spotted Jane," because her skin, instead of turning white uniformly, changed in spots from the deepest black to a milky whiteness. Several times in the first few years of her stay at the poorhouse Jane complained of an itching of the skin. About two years ago this became severe, and then, when an examination of her body was made by the physician in attendance, it was found that large spots on her body had already turned white. The case excited much attention among the physicians of Kansas City, many of whom visited the poorhouse to examine the woman. Doctors who make a specialty of skin diseases came from various parts of the United States to examine her. None could explain the phenomenon. The change in her color seemed to cause Jane no pain or worry and she took it philosophically, rather pleased than otherwise at her newly-found importance. When she died a week ago she was nearly white. The only explanation given by physicians of the phenomenon is that the disease or humor of the blood brought on what is known as leucocythemia. The corpuscles of the blood which underlie the pigments of the skin had been so thinned that the latter was "washed out" in places, leaving it of its unnatural hue. The pigments cause the only difference in color of the negro and white races. In the former, the pigments are very dark, which makes the black hue show through the skin. It is supposed that the "washing away" of these pigments caused the strange change of color in Jane's case.

NEW BED FOR A RIVER.

Danger of a Repetition of the Mansfield Mine Horror.

There is immediate danger of a repetition of the heartrending Mansfield mine disaster in which twenty-seven men lost their lives at the Hemlock mine, says the Detroit Free Press. The mine extends under the Hemlock river, with a shaft on either side. Water from the river is working through the sandstone into the mine, and the danger will have to be remedied at once or the valuable property abandoned. It is now proposed not to attempt to divert the channel of the river, as was done at Mansfield mine recently, but to lift the Hemlock river from its native bed and let it run through an immense wooden sluiceway. This sluiceway will extend over the ground under which the mine tunnel runs, and will thus relieve the river bed of its water and the mine of any danger from the river. A dam will be built some distance up the river, and this will enable the work to go on this winter and also chain the water so that it can be run into its artificial channel next spring. The sluiceway will be 1,500 feet long, and will rest on two immense arches whose foundations will be in the bed of the river. The arches will be wide apart at the base and will not threaten the mine tunnel in the least. After the sluiceway is built the dam will be opened and the water will be run into the new elevated bed. Work in the mine tunnel under the river will continue, and it is expected that the miners will gradually pick their way toward the old river bed and in time the bed will cave in and a rich find of ore is then expected.

NEW WOMEN AT WORK.

Can Beat the Men Chopping Wood—They Take a Contract.

Away up in the hills back of Morris-town, Sullivan county, N. Y., Fred W. Harting has purchased a large tract of standing timber, says the New York World. In a log cabin on the place live Mrs. Jacob Brown and Mrs. Sarah Edwards, widows. Harting contracted to furnish 100 cords of wood for a wood acid factory recently and at once engaged Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Edwards to do the chopping. Harting says these two women are the best wood-choppers in the county and can put the men to shame with the dexterity with which they can wield an ax. The women take their dinners with them to the woods and work all day, and their endurance is remarkable. Mrs. Brown is a woman of fine physique, very intelligent and about 35 years old. Mrs. Edwards is slender but very strong. She is 32. Both wear felt boots at work, with overshoes and short skirts. They chop bare-handed unless the weather is very cold.

New Use for X-Rays.

It is said that the X-rays have been successfully applied in France to the detection of adulterations of food, where the adulterants consist of some kind of mineral matter. The food to be examined is reduced to powder and spread thinly upon glass. An X-ray photograph of the glass reveals the presence of the mineral particles by the failure of the rays to penetrate them as they penetrate the other constituents of the powdered food.

Knows When He'll Be Back.

An Arizona editor has been found who is sincere and honest. He hangs his sign on his office door: "Gone out to take a drink; will be back tomorrow."

Never Touched Him.

Miss Straggles—Yes; once, when I was out alone on a dark night, I saw a man, and, oh, my goodness, how I ran! And did you catch him, Miss Straggles?