

A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

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 so, 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 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 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.

It was by no connivance of hers that he gained his point. She was taking her usual afternoon drive one day alone, when she was aroused from a reverie by the slower motion of the carriage, to observe that the coachman had turned into a business thoroughfare instead of taking the most direct route homeward.

"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'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 joyous 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 won-

der 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.

His 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 and longing.

To her, what would have sounded incoherent to a third person, as explicit and fervent. He knew her as his mate, and would not give her up; asserted his rights with a master's authority, while his heart ached at thought of the woe in store for her nominal possessor.

"I have startled you by my vehemence," he continued, taking the hand that lay upon her lap. "I feared lest this 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 see 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 berzing 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. Her 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 poor Evelyn, my gentle 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 impetuous gesture. "You are talking wildly—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 approach 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, sup-

porting 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 knelt 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 considerably, 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 him in conversation about his voyage and destination. The atmosphere was a degree less stifling there. If she moved, smiled and talked mechanically, it mattered nothing now that the penetrating 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 on 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 deadly 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 quite 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 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 thrum 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.)

Bicycles in the Desert.

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



AGRICULTURE

Low and High Protein Corn.

The Illinois Experiment Station has been at work for years on the problem of low and high protein content of corn. In bulletin 87 the experimenters have given us drawings showing the differences obtained through seven years of breeding from the original parents—but breeding in opposite directions. We reproduce these. Reference to the low protein cut shows a medium-sized germ (which always contains much gluten) and a comparatively thin layer of horny gluten (this also always contains much protein). The legend "Horny Gluten" on the cut refers to the double row of white dots going around the entire kernel just below the black line used to indicate the hull. Every part of the corn kernel contains some protein and some carbohydrate matter. In fact, the carbohydrate constituent always exceeds the protein even when the protein is highest, as in the case of the "horny gluten." A difference of two or three per cent in the protein contents makes a great deal of difference in the relative value, as a little pro-



LOW PROTEIN CORN.

tein goes a long way in feeding. To make this matter plainer we give the following to show the presence of both protein and carbohydrates (starchy matter) in each part. These are two



HIGH PROTEIN CORN.

analyses taken from the bulletin mentioned, one analysis being for a low-protein kernel and the other for a high-protein kernel.

PROTEIN CONTENT (Per Cent).

	Low protein kernel	High protein kernel
Tip cap	7.36	4.64
Hull	4.97	3.84
Horny Gluten	19.21	24.58
Horny Starch	8.12	10.99
Crown Starch	7.22	8.61
Tip Starch	6.10	7.29
Germ	19.91	19.56
Mixed Waste	9.90	12.53
Whole Kernel	9.28	12.85

It will be noticed that in some of its parts the high-protein kernel has less protein than has the low-protein kernel. Thus in these two analyses the high-protein kernel has less in the tip cap, hull and germ. The protein in the other parts, however, more than counterbalances the losses in the parts mentioned, even the crown starch having more protein in the high-protein corn than in the low-protein corn.

CARBOHYDRATE CONTENT (Per Cent).

	Low protein kernel	High protein kernel
Tip Cap	90.57	91.50
Hull	93.29	94.30
Horny Gluten	75.87	69.07
Horny Starch	91.54	88.58
Crown Starch	92.27	90.50
Tip Starch	93.31	90.75
Germ	33.07	36.73
Mixed Waste	88.43	85.71
Whole Kernel	85.11	80.12

In the case of starchy matter (carbohydrate) we find the tip cap, hull and germ again deficient in the very quality for which the kernel is noted. Here is the basis of a good problem to be worked out. It is rather surprising to find the greatest overbalance of carbohydrates in the horny gluten, instead

of in the horny starch or the crown starch. Why? One problem solved brings to light other problems equally worthy of solution. Thus we journey toward the truth and infinity.—Farmers' Review.

An Advantage in Freight.

Fruit growers near the great fruit consuming cities have an immense advantage over the producers of fruit thousands of miles away. We talk a great deal about California fruit being profitable to the growers, but it is only because they have powerful organizations of fruit men that they are able to make any profit at all. The cost of shipping, say peaches, from California is so great that it amounts to a heavy protective duty in favor of the local growers. We are informed that the freight on a car of fruit from San Francisco to Chicago is \$250 and the icing charge is \$125 more. This makes \$375 that the car costs, without reckoning anything for attendance. This amounts to 1.375 cents on every pound of fruit sent from San Francisco to Chicago, as a car is reckoned to contain 20,000 pounds. In addition, the matter of time of transit of the California fruit must be taken into consideration in the packing and the fruit graded more carefully than it would otherwise have to be. Much perfectly sound fruit must be left out of the packages, simply because it is ripe; for it would be rotten by the time it reached the customer. As our own fruit growers have good fruit soil and climate, with an ever increasing population to feed, there would seem to be no reason why this advantage of freight rates should ever be taken from them. There is every reason why our fruit growers should plant ever increasing quantities of hardy and standard fruit trees.

Bromus Inermis for Pasture.

Bromus inermis makes an excellent pasture grass, as it shoots up in the spring about two weeks earlier than any of the native grasses, produces a good aftermath or second growth, and continues to grow especially late in the fall. If the summer is dry it will stop growing, and start again after the beginning of the fall rains, but if the dry period is not too long it will continue to grow from early in the spring until late in the fall. At the Kansas Station we have grown Bromus inermis in a field way for four seasons. This summer we have pastured some young stock, ranging from 9 to 18 months of age, on a field of Bromus inermis seeded last fall. These calves have not shown any noticeable preference between Kentucky blue-grass, prairie-grass and Bromus inermis, and have thrived well on the Bromus inermis. The grass stands tramping by stock exceedingly well. It is so vigorous that it will run out all weeds and other grasses, after it once becomes well established. It, however, may be sown with other grasses and legumes, and allowed to take full possession in a few years.—Kansas Bulletin.

Eagle and Cows Battle.

A dispatch from Somerville, N. J., to the Drovers' Journal says: A large gray eagle, the first seen in this vicinity in many years, created consternation among a herd of cattle on the farm of Charles Covert, near Mount Bethel. The eagle flew from the mountains to the lowlands where the cattle were grazing. It took shelter in a tree, and waiting an opportunity swooped down on a calf of the herd. The mother of the calf and several cows surrounded the eagle and forced it from its prey. The eagle attacked the cows and its onslaught was so furious that the animals were stampeded, but they rallied again and circled frantically around the calf, thrusting at the eagle viciously with their horns each time it renewed its attack on the smaller animal.

The eagle resorted to stratagem measures, by driving the cows, one by one, across the field. At this juncture Covert, who had been attracted by the disturbance among the cattle, appeared on the scene with a gun. The eagle alighted on a rail fence to await developments and a minute later fell to the ground shot through the head. It is one of the largest specimens ever seen here and Covert will have it preserved. Four of Covert's cattle had strips of hide torn from their bodies by the eagle.

Where the Cream Should Sour.

Some hold the view that, since the cream has to be soured before churning, why not let it sour on the farm? This is objectionable for the following reasons: 1. It is the butter-maker's work to introduce and develop the flavor in the cream, which gives us the fine aroma in butter which we, as well as the consumers, so much desire. 2. The butter will be more uniform in flavor when one man, who understands the work, does it, than when a number, who don't understand it, are trying to do it. 3. The proper facilities to do the work are always available at the creamery. 4. To most farmers all sorts of flavors come under the head of souring, which to the butter-maker might be most objectionable. 5. The maker has made a study of the work, consequently is in a better position to produce what is required than those who are unlearned in this respect.—W. A. Wilson.